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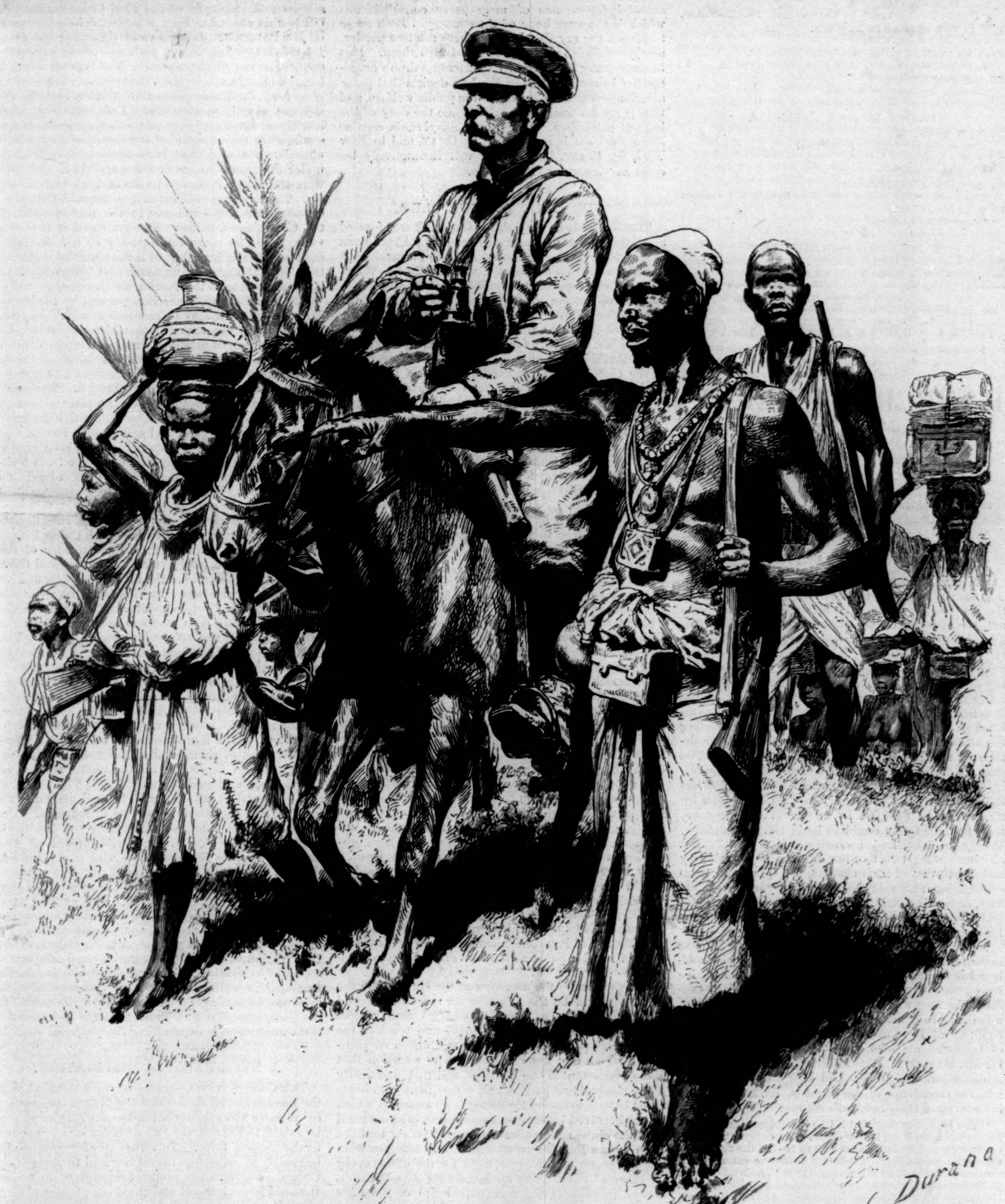

STANLEY ON THE MARCH.—[SEE SUPPLEMENT.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY.

CONTENTS:

SOME MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS.
By THEODORE CHILD. Fifteen illustrations (including frontispiece), from paintings by leading artists and drawings by PAUL RENOUARD and L. O. MERSON.

MAKING UNITED STATES BONDS UNDER PRESSURE.
By L. E. CHITTENDEN, Register of the Treasury under President LINCOLN. An absolutely unique episode in the history of our national credit.

ROBERT BROWNING.
Sonnet. By AUBREY DE VERE.

THE EVOLUTION OF HUMOR.
By Professor S. H. BUTCHER, LL.D., of Edinburgh University. A difficulty with the Darwinian theory.

OLD NEW YORK TAVERNS.
By JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS. With twenty-six illustrations, drawn by HOWARD PYLE.

A RIDE IN AUSTRALIA.
"Through Bush and Fern." By WILLIAM SHARP. Nine illustrations.

NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM.
Poem. By MARY E. WILKINS.

ENGLISH LYRICS UNDER THE FIRST CHARLES.
By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Nine portraits from old prints.

FELINE AMENITIES.
Drawing. By GEORGE DU MAURIER.

FICTION BY FOUR AMERICANS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.
"The Shadow of a Dream." (Conclusion.)

BY S. B. ELLIOTT.
"An Ex-Brigadier."

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
"Susan's Escort." With three illustrations drawn by W. T. SMEDLEY.

BY E. H. LOCKWOOD.
"Steam from a Samovar."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.................GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
EDITOR'S STUDY.......................WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER....................CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

LITERARY NOTES. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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A TERRIBLE LETTER.

A MORE vigorous political document has not recently appeared than Mr. H. C. LEA'S letter to the President. It has, what all such documents have not, the weight of personal character behind it. There is no private or partisan or selfish object of any kind to be aided by it. It is a public service, arraigning by name public offenders, the writer taking the entire responsibility of the proceeding. The letter recalls the statements made originally in the Pennsylvania Republican press, and lately recapitulated in detail by the New York *World*, concerning the acts of Senator QUAY, of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. The charges cover, as Mr. LEA says, a series of "flagrantly dishonest acts, including the temporary abstraction from the State Treasury of $260,000 in one instance, and of $400,000 in another.... If they are true, Senator QUAY ought to be in the penitentiary. If they are false, he is a cruelly libelled man." But although, after two months of the widest publicity and circulation of such charges, Mr. QUAY makes no explanation and seeks no redress, "you," says Mr. LEA, addressing the President, retain your close political connection with him, and "you must share the losses as well as the gains of the venture."

Mr. LEA has an especial right to speak. He was one of the independent Republicans who, withholding his support of the party candidate in 1884, believed the party promises and the pledges of the candidate in 1888, and, like many other honorable men, unwilling to condone what he felt to be the shortcomings of Mr. CLEVELAND in justifying the faith of independents who supported him in 1884, voted for Mr. HARRISON. After thirteen months of an administration which has had every opportunity to win the confidence of the country, Mr. LEA sums up his survey of the President's course:

"You have thus degraded it [the Republican party] to the lowest level, till it no longer deserves or enjoys the public confidence, and its interest, as well as that of the nation, demands its purification by defeat. You have earned for it the denunciation of the Hebrew prophet: 'The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us. Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps.'"

This result Mr. LEA attributes largely to the malign ascendency of Senator QUAY. The only cloud at the opening of the administration was the appointment of a Postmaster-General at Mr. QUAY'S dictation, ostensibly as a reward for certain services performed during the canvass, but really for raising money to be used by a person whom the Republican press had taught the country to distrust. That cloud has now covered the firmament. But three years still remain, says the letter, in which to undo what has been done, and to apply to public duties the high standard which the President applies to his private life. You must remember, however, says Mr. LEA, that evil produces only evil, and that you have on your soul a charge "for which you must reckon to posterity and to God." This appeal to the President at the end of the first year of the administration follows that of Bishop POTTER at its beginning. Both are noble illustrations of civic courage and a high sense of public duty. Both also are indications of the activity of conscience in politics, and of that moral independence of mere party considerations which is the sure hope of the country. Both serve to silence the cry that because there are two parties, a helpless choice must be made between them. It is because party requires of its adherents dumb acquiescence in such courses as Mr. LEA depicts that party allegiance may become fatal to the public welfare, and that party denunciation may become the duty of the highest patriotism. When in Pennsylvania regular Republicanism is represented by QUAY, and in New York by PLATT, honest men will instinctively become as "irregular" as possible.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

THE Union League Club in New York was formed as a Republican club, and still remains a Republican club. But recent circumstances have constrained it to make a distinct declaration to that effect. When the club was organized, Republicanism meant constitutional opposition to slavery and the unconditional prosecution of the war. After the war ended, the club condemned the conduct of so eminent a Republican as Mr. GREELEY for consenting to sign JEFFERSON DAVIS'S bail-bond. Later, the present president of the club was a State candidate with a Democrat against the regular Republican candidate, and together with the chief Republican editor in the State, and one of the present Republican Senators in Congress, and many other former Republicans, supported the Democratic candidate for the Presidency against General GRANT. The election ended, they held that in voting for Mr. GREELEY they had not left the Republican party. In other words, they held that while friendly in general to Republican ascendency, they were at liberty, for personal or other reasons, to refuse to support a particular candidate. Republicanism, in their opinion, was not inconsistent with individual independence.

The club has now reaffirmed this view. The committee on admissions has admitted members who had exercised precisely the same independence in voting, without adhering to the Democratic party, and the club has now expressed its entire confidence in the committee. It has refused to censure it for admitting as members those who voted for the Democratic candidate at the last national election. The declaration that the club is a Republican club is one which such members would not probably challenge, for as between the two parties they prefer in general Republican ascendency. But they do not therefore acknowledge any kind of obligation to support candidates whom they disapprove. The resolution which was adopted was doubtless drawn as a compromise, under the apprehension that a decided declaration of independence might be adopted by the club. But really, as we have said, it leaves the situation unchanged. This is fortunate, because, had it been otherwise, it would have invited the resignation of a very large and important body of members, and it would have laid down as the principle of the club a proposition which has been steadily denied by original Republicans from the organization of the party, and which is fatal to an honorable party connection, that the test of Republicanism is the unwavering support of regular party action however corrupt or unwise.

This, as one of the members of the club said in the debate, would be the adoption of the fundamental Tammany dogma as the faith of the Union League Club. It would destroy the pride and boast of the Republican party that it is an organization of political freemen and not of slaves. The assertion that our government is one of party, and that practically there are but two parties, and consequently a citizen must belong to one or the other, is an assertion which is not involved in the discussion. Let it be assumed that the club is Republican. Does it follow that if a man buys a Republican nomination to office, or is, in the judgment of the voter, unfit for the office, every member of the club as an honorable Republican is bound to support the corrupt bargain or the unfit nomination? If it does, we should suppose every self-respecting gentleman would hasten to leave the club. If it does not, every member is at liberty to decide for himself in regard to every candidate what his course shall be. The conclusion therefore seems to be wise. The club declares itself to be Republican, and refuses to declare that independent members whom the committee has admitted are not Republicans. No gentleman would desire to join a political club with which he is not generally in sympathy. But no gentleman would wish to join such a club under an express or implied obligation to vote for every candidate who might be nominated by a party convention, or to approve every measure that might be proposed by a party committee.

THE FISH COMMISSION.

A MOVEMENT has been quietly begun at Washington which ought to be effectually frustrated—to enlarge party patronage by making the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries an officer of the Department of Agriculture, and giving to the head of that department the power of appointing and removing the officers and employés of the Fish Commission. A bill to this effect has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. PADDOCK. But no valid argument has been yet offered for interfering with one of the most efficient branches of the service. The reasons alleged for the change are evidently pretexts. The object is to drag the Commission into politics, and the result can be only mischievous. Fish culture and the intelligent study and care of the fishing-grounds are confessedly the creation of our national Fish Commission. Its work has been accomplished largely under the men who are now engaged in it, and who were trained by Professor BAIRD and one or two others. There is no complaint of ignorance, inefficiency, extravagance, or dishonesty in the management of the Commission. There is no allegation that the work would be more intelligently or economically done under the headship of a Secretary of Agriculture, or that there is any reason for intrusting it to him rather than to the Postmaster-General.

The Fish Commissioner is appointed by the President, by whom he may be removed at will. In both Houses there are committees which supervise the work. The appropriations are based upon careful estimates, and the Commissioner reports annually the expenses in detail, so that injudicious or unlawful expenses may be promptly checked. The chief work of the Commission demands special training in fish culture, fishery methods, and scientific inquiry. This work was organized by Professor BAIRD, and the active force of the Commission has been gradually completed by training and by choice from technical scientific institutions, and this system has made the Commission what it is. Professor BAIRD declined to receive a salary as Commissioner lest the Commission should become political plunder, and thus its usefulness be destroyed. Upon his death Colonel MARSHALL MCDONALD, an acknowledged master of the subject, was indicated by scientific experts and those intelligently interested as the fitting successor of Professor BAIRD. He was appointed, and the work has been prosecuted by him as it was begun. His appointments have been made to keep pace with the enlarging work, and solely for special fitness. The Commission has been kept wholly free of the foreign and disturbing influences of politics.

How could a Secretary of Agriculture, however well fitted for his especial duties, increase the efficiency and usefulness of the Fish Commission? There are no relations between agriculture and the fisheries, except in the figurative sense of TIMOTHY PICKERING'S burst of rhetoric about his maritime constituents, "whose farms are on the ocean, and whose harvests are gathered in every sea." The Commission is concerned not only with fish culture, but with the study of the whole coast line of fisheries. The increase in the appropriation during the last three years is mainly due to the establishment of new hatching stations in accordance with law. Indeed, there is no statement of any kind urged as a reason for a change which is not at once susceptible of simple and satisfactory explanation. It is evident upon so brief a showing as this that no public advantage is to be gained by disturbing the present system. No intelligent person can suppose that the objects of the Commission would be more certainly and adequately secured "by making its officers and employés possible foot-balls of political preferment instead of encouraged and enthusiastic scientists in their life work," as the Gloucester Board of Trade remarks in its resolutions unanimously deprecating the proposed change.

A NECESSARY APPROPRIATION.

THE Civil Service Commission estimates that with the increase of its duties and the proved inadequacy of its force the appropriation for the service should be raised to $53,000, with an addition of five persons to the clerical force. To refuse the increase would be greatly to embarrass the service and to prevent the Commission from the proper discharge of its duties. It would be an indirect and sneaking method of crippling it. We are glad to see, therefore, that Mr. EWART, who is the accepted leader in the House of the opposition to reform, proposes to try to defeat the entire appropriation. This is the course which General GRANT said he should regard as a virtual con-

demnation of reform, and which the Republican House at that time practically adopted. In President ARTHUR'S time it diminished the amount of the appropriation. The action of the present House is uncertain, but a very imposing petition has been presented from Massachusetts in favor of the increased allowance, signed by the Republican Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and most of the chief State officers, the Chief Justice, all the Senators and many of the Representatives, members of the Democratic and Republican State committees, and many eminent citizens of all parties in all parts of the commonwealth.

This is a striking sign both of the general diffusion of the reform sentiment and of the desire of leading Republicans especially to identify the movement with their party. Mr. LODGE'S Fourth-class Postmasters bill is another sign, and most important of all is the declaration of Mr. CLEVELAND, the probable Democratic candidate, that the reform is of vital necessity. It is well, therefore, that Mr. EWART should join issue upon the main question and compel the House to express its opinion. The ayes and noes will be carefully scanned and distinctly remembered at the autumn election. Congress and the country will both be instructed by the report of the Investigating Committee of the National Civil Service Reform League on the details of Congressional patronage. Reckoning on a basis of twenty-four members well chosen for the purpose, there are about 250 appointments now dependent upon each member. The number of applications is about 1700 to each member, and fully one-third of the time which should be devoted to their legitimate legislative duties is consumed in the distribution of offices.

The result is logical. The committees of the House can consider only a small fraction of the bills submitted to them. Many even of the bills reported do not receive consideration from the House. Many of those that pass are crude and obscurely drawn, and their meaning is determined only by costly litigation. One chief reason of this result is the fact that at least a third of the time which is designed for proper legislation is devoted to business which has no concern whatever with legislation. The abuse springs from the confusion of duties which were intended by the Constitution to be kept carefully separated. Had the union of the legislative and executive functions been thought wise, it would have been provided by the Constitution. But the object of the framers was to separate them. As General GARFIELD said, while yet a member of the House, the junction of such diverse duties "impairs the efficiency of the legislator." But it does much more, because it degrades politics by making them venal, and destroys the function of party by transforming elections into contests for plunder. The report of the committee of the National Civil Service Reform League is of much more service to the cause of reform than the recent resolution of the Union League Club declaring that the efficiency of the National Civil Service Commission, which is universally conceded, is a "fulfilment of the pledges of the party in 1888." The club very properly asks for the increased appropriation. But if the Republican House should refuse it, we suppose the club will console itself by the reflection that the party pledge to extend the area of reform is fulfilled by the excellent character and efficiency of a Commission whose work the Republican Congress would have deliberately paralyzed.

NEW MEXICO.

THE Governor of New Mexico, the Hon. L. BRADFORD PRINCE, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, paints upon the whole a pleasant picture of the condition, resources, and prospects of his realm. The climate he holds to be the most delightful and healthy in the country. The maximum heat of the year in 1889 was 90°, in July; the minimum, 1° below zero, in February. Fruit so flourishes that the whole valley of the Rio Grande will probably become an orchard and vineyard to the exclusion of other agriculture.

The condition of education in the Territory is not wholly satisfactory, but yet encouraging for the future. The population is probably rather less than 200,000. In twelve of the fourteen counties there are 143 schools in which the instruction is in English only, 106 in Spanish only, and 93 in both languages. But as yet there is no school fund, and the illiteracy of the adult native population is general. A university, an agricultural college, and a school of mines are authorized by the Legislature. Land has been ceded, but building depends upon taxation, and support upon donations of land from the national government.

Governor PRINCE holds that in variety and extent of natural resources and advantages New Mexico surpasses any State in the Union. In support of his opinion he adds to his own observation and knowledge citations from earlier authorities, making a very interesting survey. The water supply during the year was scant, and the business of cattle-raising was depressed, while mining was unusually prosperous. But the most striking statement of the Governor's is that concerning the quiet and good order of the Territory. Ten years ago, when he went as Chief Justice, the Territory suffered greatly from the horde of lawless and reckless adventurers that follow the railroad. That has passed on, and there is no more peaceful community in the country. "Crime is more rare than in staid New England," and in one county, embracing an area as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, together with New Jersey and Delaware, mainly a ranching and mining county, in which the sheriff is very efficient, he found last summer not a single prisoner in the jail. The Governor thinks the refusal to admit New Mexico as a State a great wrong, since no Territory in his opinion was ever so well fitted for admission to the Union.

A FRIEND AT THE POLLS.

THE amendment offered to the SAXTON ballot reform bill, permitting an illiterate voter to have the aid of a friend at the polls, is a provision so certain of abuse as to make it a very serious if not fatal injury to the bill. The reason alleged for its introduction we understand to be that it meets the objection of the Governor. It is one of his objections, undoubtedly, and perhaps the most plausible. But if the Governor finds that his veto leads to a surrender of one of the most important safeguards of the bill, he is not the practical politician that he has shown himself to be if he does not hold out blandly behind his veto until every point to which he objects is conceded.

If the friends of the bill are willing to allow the ballot of every voter who swears that he cannot read to be supervised at the polls by a political agent, it is not a very far cry to the party printing of ballots. The Governor certainly will not yield when he finds his opponents yielding. But a bill amended to meet his approval would not be a reform bill. On the contrary, one more step in the direction of the proposed amendment would be the surrender of the bill. Even the adoption of the amendment and the consequent approval of the bill by the Governor could not be hailed as a triumph of reform.

If it should be said that it would be better than nothing, we should doubt it. If the original bill were in any way extreme or impracticable, a smaller measure might suffice. But it is not so. It is a method which experience has approved, and we may as well continue as we are until we are ready for actual reform. In other words, it is as well to walk as to be carried in a sedan-chair without a bottom. Again, if the object of the amendment be "to put the Governor in a hole," it is useless, because his hostility to reform needs no further demonstration. Ballot reform lies in the public printing and in the secrecy of the ballot. These are interdependent, and either private printing or a supervised ballot is incompatible with reform.

THE RESULT IN RHODE ISLAND.

THE result of the supplementary elections in Rhode Island was a Democratic victory, and the Legislature will elect Democratic State officers. The explanations and the improvement of such an election will be various. It is indeed impossible to interpret such a result precisely and in detail, but the general fact is plain and suggestive enough. As we said last week, it takes Rhode Island out of the Republican "column," and shows serious party changes and readjustments.

Indeed, the whole political situation in New England is worth observing. The Republican secession in Massachusetts includes a large representation of the original and most intelligent and influential Republicans. Some of them have joined the Democrats. Others, and we presume the larger part, like their brethren in New York, maintain a position of independence and observation. They are not affected by the usual taunts of "assistant Democrats," "Molly-coddles," "purists," and "Pharisees," because in general they do not mind that kind of rhetoric, they do not desire office, and of course are not susceptible to the alarms of those who do. Nothing disturbs such men less than the familiar "guying" of party newspapers and the twaddle of professional politicians.

Their constant increase in numbers, and so remarkable a result as that in Rhode Island, which cannot be explained away, indicate a healthful political condition. Among other things, they show that the cry of a high tariff as assuring constant employment, high wages, and protection to American labor is losing its charm. The more that question is discussed, the more it is tested by experience, the less certain is the high tariff of popular approval. If, as the friends of protection assert, it is really the dominant question, the Republican defeat in Rhode Island, with the national government in control of protectionists, and the high tariff just introduced in Congress, means that the protection policy is losing favor. That is as sound and logical an inference as any other of the result in Rhode Island.

EDITORIAL.

WE deeply regret that an article reflecting injuriously upon Mr. JOHN M. FORBES, of Boston, should have appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. FORBES'S character is his sure defence against such assault, but as silence might seem to imply the approval and acquiescence of the WEEKLY, we wish in these columns, where alone its opinions are to be found, to express its emphatic disapproval of the tone and entire dissent from the conclusions of the article.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the younger professional men of New York whose futures are full of unusual promise is Professor WILLIAM A. KEENER, who has recently been called from the Harvard Law School to the corresponding department of Columbia College. Mr. KEENER is a native of Augusta, Georgia, and was graduated from the University of Georgia previous to taking the law course at Harvard, which he finished in 1877. Then he formed a law partnership with CLARENCE D. ASHLEY, in this city, the firm being known as ASHLEY & KEENER, but was soon called back to Harvard, where he practically succeeded Judge HOLMES in the STORY professorship. While at Cambridge he successfully developed the course on quasi contracts, and edited a set of cases. Now, he is writing a book on the same subject. At Columbia he is to teach equity and real estate. Professor KEENER'S proficiency as an instructor is accompanied by a genial dignity of manner which made him very popular with the Harvard students. In his private life Mr. KEENER is as happy as he is successful in his professional work, a charming wife and a promising boy being the jewels of his home.

—Senator EDMUNDS'S health is so poor that he and his family have left Washington for Virginia Beach, not far from Fortress Monroe, to remain an indefinite length of time.

—Connecticut has only one woman lawyer, Miss MARY HALL, of Hartford. After being graduated from Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, she taught mathematics for a time in a young ladies' school near Boston, and then began the study of law in the office of JOHN HOOKER, the husband of Mrs. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER, at Hartford. In 1882 she was admitted to the bar, Chief Justice PARK, of the State Supreme Court, having decided that as a woman she was eligible. Miss HALL has been quite successful in office practice, to which she tries to confine herself, as she dislikes to appear in court. No other Connecticut women have followed her into the profession, although several are now preparing to do so.

—The artists are practically a unit in praise of Mr. BRIDGMAN'S beautiful pictures now on exhibition in the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. The collection is one of unusual interest, and a marvellous record of the artist's accomplishments.

—The historical house built by the Marquis de Talleyrand on the St. John's River, near Jacksonville, Florida, when, in 1793, France and England both having denied him a home, he found a refuge in the United States, is now the winter home of Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD R. PAULISON. The latter, an accomplished and beautiful woman, is known as the best lady shot in the South. She can cut off a coot's head with a rifle at two hundred yards, or shoot an eagle on the wing, and has performed many other difficult feats of marksmanship.

—Virginia's first woman physician is Mrs. C. L. HAYNES, who has recently been elected assistant physician at the Western Lunatic Asylum after passing a successful examination before the State Medical Board.

—An interesting old mansion of the last century, known as the "Watson Webb house," at Claverack, New York, has been burned. It was built in 1727, and figured in colonial history, and in the events of and succeeding the Revolutionary war. Its rooms and halls were of generous proportions, the interior was finished in the highest style of Dutch art, and a venerable ivy clambered over the capacious porch. General LAFAYETTE visited General SAMUEL WEBB, its owner, after the Revolution, and with his diamond ring etched his name on a window-pane. Of late years the old mansion had been best known as the house where Professor CLEMENT C. MOORE wrote the famous verses beginning, "'Twas the night before Christmas."

—The late Marquis TSENG, the well-known Chinese statesman and diplomat, spoke five European languages, played the piano, and was an expert with the billiard cue, while he had contributed articles to English magazines. As ambassador to the leading capitals of Europe he performed his functions with tact and dignity. The annual revenue from his estates in China is said to have been about $500,000, while his salary as ambassador was $20,000.

—EMIN Pasha, who claims that he was rescued from the wilds of Africa against his will, speaks twenty-seven languages and dialects.

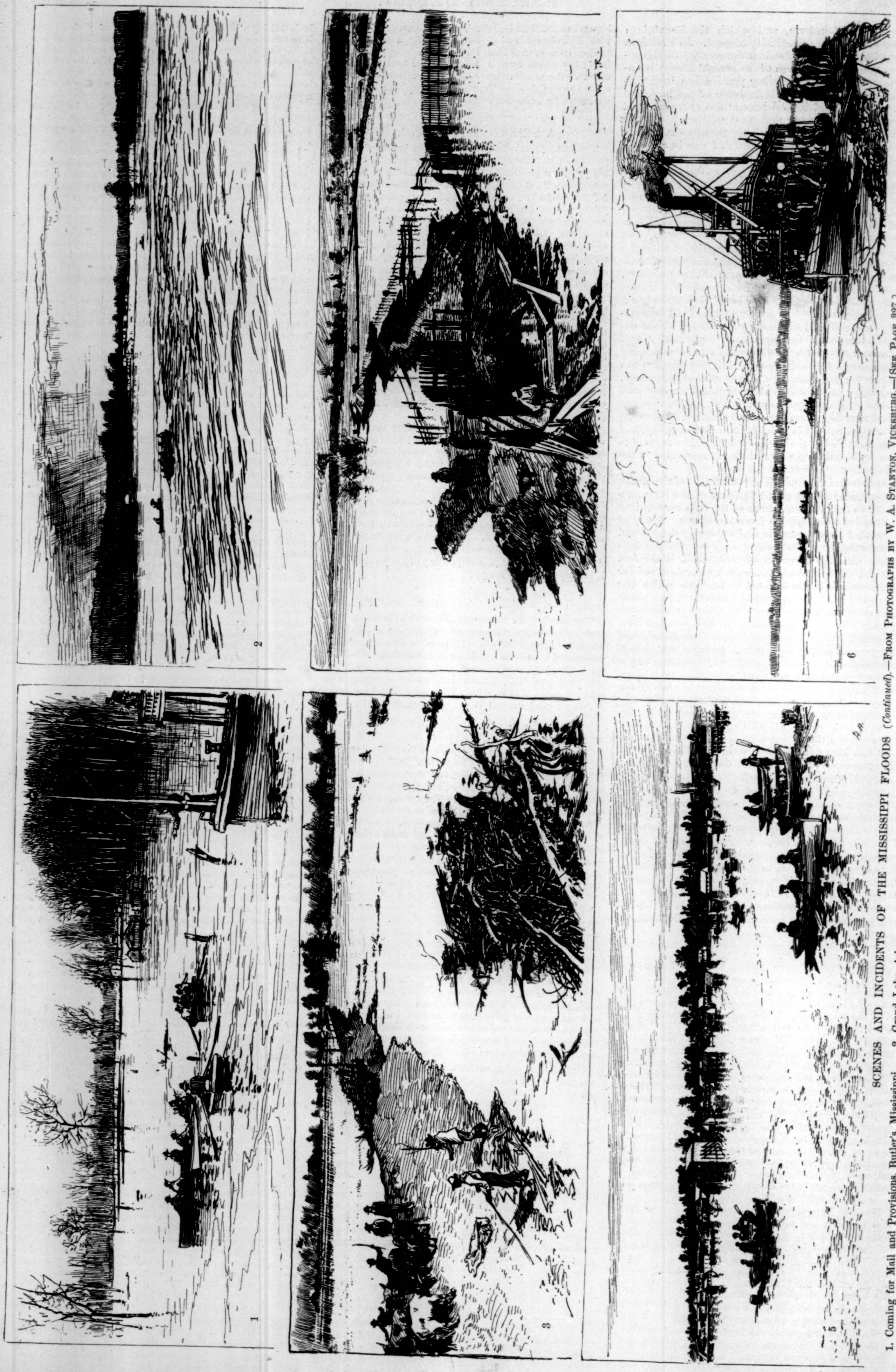
—The Empress of Austria is known as the best royal house-keeper in Europe. She looks after the details of the big imperial kitchen with the same anxious care that an American housewife bestows on the establishment of her lesser world, introduces new-fangled devices for cooking or saving work, and is said to be an adept in planning novel dishes with which to tickle the palates of her royal husband and his guests. The twenty-five men cooks, and as many more women—who make the pastry, and put the finer touches on the elaborate cuisine—with the numberless other attendants of the kitchen and throughout the palace, are marshalled and kept at their work with the skill of a general. And when special preparations are being made for some court festival, every servant, from the pompous head butler to the humblest scullion, has to "hustle."

—Governor CAMPBELL, of Ohio, an old soldier, declines a government pension for the simple but very potent reason that a man in his circumstances does not need one.

—When ROBERT J. BURDETTE was spending several weeks in the Adirondacks during the season of 1884 he temporarily filled the pulpit of the Second Baptist Church in Johnsburg, Warren County. He not only preached acceptably without pay, but he also delivered a lecture, the proceeds of which went to pay off a small debt on the church edifice.

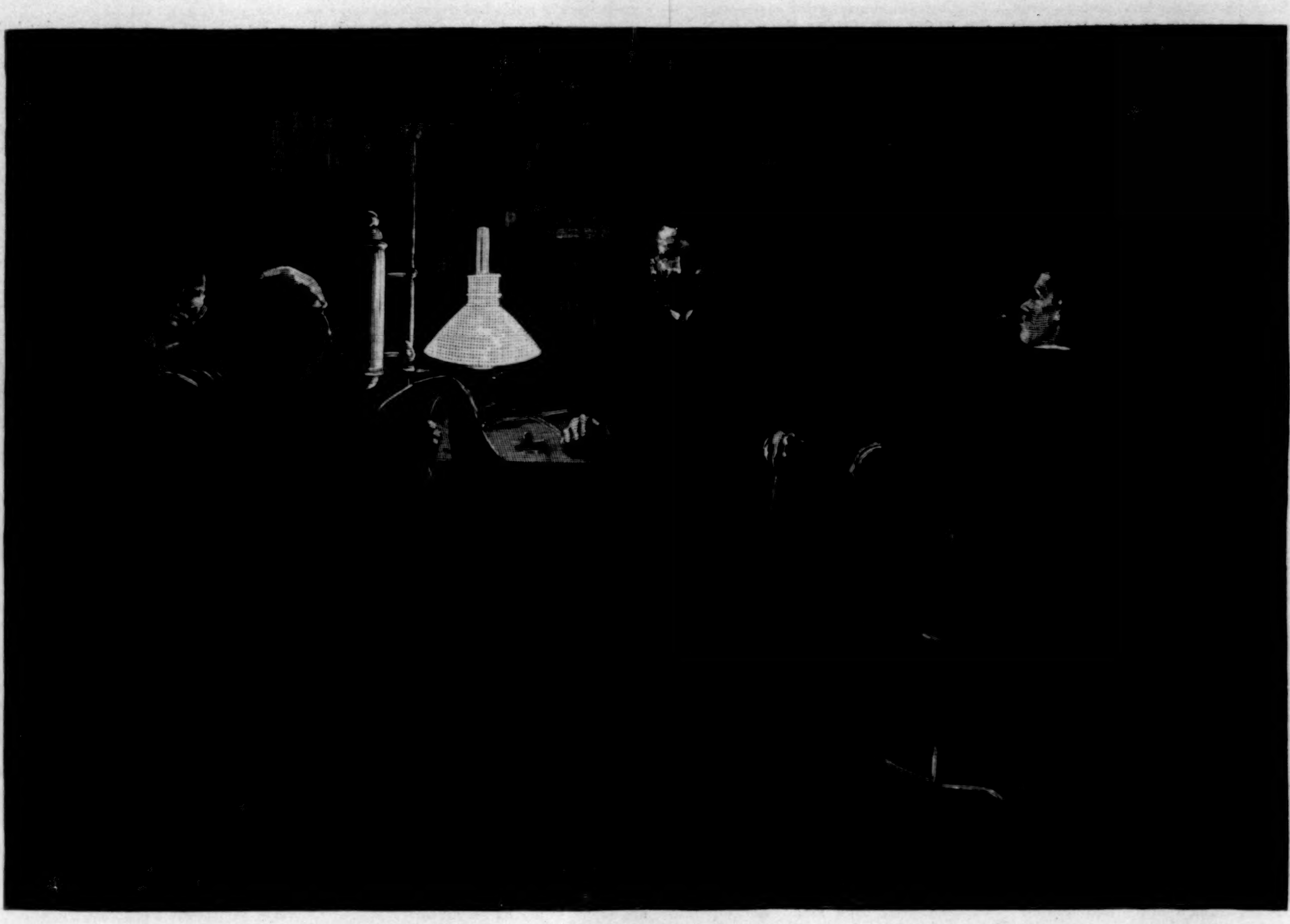
—The last waltz that BISMARCK danced was in 1867, when the King of Prussia visited the Paris Exposition, and a ball was given in his honor. Madame CARETTE invited Prince BISMARCK, who was even then not as slender and as agile as he might have been in his earlier years, to be her partner in the "ladies' tour," and he accepted and waltzed with her, much to the surprise and amusement of those who understood the statesman's aversion for the light fantastic.

—The life-saving crew at Atlantic City, New Jersey, have a millionaire as a volunteer working member. He is JOHN COLLINS LEE, who comes of good old Kentucky stock, and whose father, RICHARD HENRY LEE, was once a well-known Cincinnati editor. The death of his father and a reverse of fortune threw young LEE on his own resources, and he became a New York dry-goods clerk. Later on a rich uncle in Paris died and left him about $2,000,000, and in his search for lost health LEE drifted to Atlantic City, and found it in the hardy life he now leads. He rooms at one of the big hotels, but spends his days at the life-saving station, donning the surfmen's garb and sharing in all their duties, even to taking an oar in the life-boat when it starts out on a mission of rescue. Mr. LEE is very popular with his associates, whose lot is alleviated in many ways by his open-handed generosity.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS (*Continued*).—From Photographs by W. A. Stanton, Vicksburg.—[See Page 327.]

1. Coming for Mail and Provisions, Butler's, Mississippi. 2. Grand Lake, Arkansas. 3. Shiloh, Mississippi. 4. Henderson, Louisiana, looking Southwest. 5. Leota, Mississippi. 6. Steamer *Sunbeam* at the End of the old Levee near Raleigh, Louisiana.



"THAT EVENING AS WE ALL SAT SMOKING COMFORTABLY IN MY LIBRARY BEFORE THE OPEN FIRE."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXXVII.—THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

"I GUESS we're solid now, as far as bein' bothered by those scared devils goes," Young said, as we stepped down from the ledge of rock on which we had been standing; "but this ain't no time t' take no chances, an' th' sooner we see what show we've got for gettin' anywhere through that cave, th' better it 'll be. An' we've got t' look after Rayburn. He's closter t' handin' in his checks t'-day than he's been at all. Just think o' him keepin' still through all that row, an' lettin' himself be yanked around like a bag o' meal without takin' any notice of it! But there's just a squeal of a chance for him if we do get clear away. Knowin' that he's safe 'll do him more good even than fresh air an' sunshine—an', oh Lord! how good fresh air an' sunshine 'll be, if ever we do strike 'em again!"

When we descended the stairway again to the little hollow in the rock where Rayburn was lying, we found that he still remained in his dull stupor and took no notice of our coming. Close beside were Pablo and El Sabio, huddled together for mutual support in this very trying passage of their lives. El Sabio, indeed, was a most melancholy and dejected creature, for his short commons and his long confinement had taken the spirit out of him pretty thoroughly; but for our purposes just then, when his tractability was very necessary to us, it was a piece of good fortune that he had fallen into so low a way. As for Pablo, the boy was in so dazed a condition that I feared greatly he would wholly lose his wits.

There was only a faint suggestion of light in that deeply hidden place, and Young struck a match that he might see to begin his explorations. "Well, I'll be shot," he exclaimed, as the wax taper shed its clear light around us, "if here ain't a conductor's lantern hangin' up all ready for us, an' a can o' kerosene oil!" As he lighted the lantern, and the letters F. C. C. showed clearly on the glass, he added, in a tone of still greater amazement: "Ferro-Carril Central! Why, it b'longs t' one o' th' boys on th' Central!—but how th' dickens did it ever get *here?* An' here's a lot o' old clothes—th' sort o' rags th' low-down Greasers wear. An' I'm blest," he went on, as he picked up a scrap of paper from the floor, "if this ain't a Mexican Central ticket from Leon to Silao! It's dated last June, an' it's only punched once, so't couldn't 'a' been used all th' way. I say, Professor, am I asleep or awake?"

As I examined the several articles which we had come upon so strangely in this incongruous place, a flood of light was let in upon my mind, and with this came also the glad certainty that the way before us to freedom was open and assured. My belief that the Priest Captain had been in communication with the outside world no longer admitted of a doubt, for here was absolute proof of it: the clothes which he wore when making his expeditions into the nineteenth century; the lantern that he had stolen in order the more easily to find his way through the cave; the railway ticket that he had but lately used. In an instant I had connected all this with what the guardian of the archives had told me concerning the Priest Captain's habit of retiring for long periods of time to one of the chambers in which we had been imprisoned, and the whole matter was as plain to me as day; and I knew now that in order to guard against discovery, he, or one of his predecessors to whom this secret way must also have been known, had caused to be set in place the fastening by which the grating could be secured upon its inner side; which fastening, within that very hour, had been the means of saving our lives.

"Well," said Young, dryly, when I had briefly explained these several matters, "I guess he won't pull th' wool over nobody's eyes any more! An' now you an' me 'll do some prospectin'. We must go back up stairs, before we pull out for good, an' bag what there is there that's worth carryin' off; but th' first thing t' do is t' get Rayburn where he'll be comfortable an' safe. Until that's attended to we've got t' be careful an' go slow; so we'll rouse up this fool of a Pablo, an' get it into his head that if he hears anybody comin' he's t' knock th' plug from under Mullins an' let him down, an' then chock him fast with a rock underneath. It's not likely that anybody *will* come, an' even if they do, I don't think that they'll know th' trick about Mullins' tippin', for that's a point that I'll bet a whole kag o' beer th' Priest Captain didn't give away t' nobody. I tell you, Professor, there wasn't any flies on that old man, now was there? He was a wicked old devil, an' I'm glad I did for him; but he was just an everlastin' keen one, an' a rustler from th' word go!"

In the dazed condition in which he then was, we scarcely should have ventured to place Pablo in a position of such grave responsibility had there been any likelihood of his being called upon to perform the duty with which we charged him; but we were well satisfied that to the Priest Captain alone had been known the secret of the sliding door, and that, consequently, the need for closing the passage leading upward into the Treasure-Chamber would not arise. Without any fear for Rayburn's safety, therefore, we left him lying in the little room at the foot of the stairway, and thence went forth through a cleft in the rock—that seemed to be a natural crevice where the mountain was split apart—and so came into a natural cave of such great size that the light of the lantern was not sufficient to enable us to see its roof nor its farther wall. Save that the well-defined path that we followed was continuously steep, we did not find walking difficult, for the fragments of rock with which the floor of the cave everywhere was strewn had been lifted aside carefully so as to make a smooth and easy way. And only in one place—where for a short distance the path skirted the edge of a black gulf, in the depths of which we could hear the rush of water—was any part of it dangerous.

For near an hour we went onward, all the while steadily ascending; and then, as we turned a corner, we saw a long way before us a faintly luminous haze. It was so very faint that only by holding the lantern behind us, and then closing our eyes for a moment, could we assure ourselves that what we saw really was light at all; but when we turned another corner, presently, the light, though still faint, was unmistakable; whereat Young gave a whoop of joy, and we quickened our steps in our eager longing to behold the sunshine that we knew could not be far away. Suddenly the path dipped downward, and then another turn brought us into light so strong that the lantern no longer was needed to show us where to tread; and by a common impulse we gave a great glad shout together and went onward at a run; and so, running and shouting like the crazy creatures that truly for the time being we were, we made one turn more; and then beheld before us, reaching away broadly and openly in a fashion to give one a sense of most glorious freedom, a vastly wide plain, over which everywhere the blessed sunshine blazed full and strong. As we stood together in the mouth of the cave for a moment in silence—for no word seemed strong enough to express the bursting gladness that was in our hearts—two short blasts of a whistle, wafted upward on the light breeze that was blowing toward us from the plain, sounded very faintly but clearly in our ears. Young started as he heard this sound, and as he turned toward me he held out his hand and said, in a voice that was husky and tremulous: "Professor, that's a locomotive whistle, an' th' —— fool is—is whistlin' 'down brakes'!" And in these curiously chosen yet not unmeaning words did we celebrate our deliverance.

When we returned to Rayburn—and as we now knew the way, and as almost the whole of it was down-hill, our return was accomplished rapidly—some of the joyous strength that we had gained seemed to be imparted to him. He opened his eyes as we stooped over him, and there seemed to be more life in them than there had been through all that day.

"Rouse up, old man!" Young cried, cheerily. "We've struck th' trail out o' this cussed hole at last, an' we're goin' t' hike you right along t' where you'll get some of God's sunshine again, an' some air that's fit for a white man t' breathe;" which words brought still more light into Rayburn's eyes, and a little color came into his pale cheeks as we told him of the open way that we had found to light and life.

"Where's the Padre?" he asked, as we together raised the stretcher, while Pablo, holding the lantern and leading El Sabio, went on ahead of us. Fortunately Rayburn could not see Young's face as he answered: "Th' Padre's—well, th' Padre's just gone on up th' line. You've got t' hold your jaw, Rayburn. You ain't fit t' talk; an' while we're packin' you along we can't talk either. Come on, Professor; and you, Pablo," he added, in his jerky Spanish. "Be careful with that lamp, or I'll break the head of you!"

Although a good third of his flesh had wasted away, Rayburn would have been a heavy load for us to carry over level ground, even had we been hale and strong. Worn as we were then by our prison life, we found carrying him up that long steep path in the heart of the mountain a weary work that only the hope and joy that strengthened us enabled us to accomplish. As it was, we went so slowly, and made so many halts for rest, that the sun had sunk almost to the level of the distant mountains, wherewith that great plain was bordered to the westward, when at last our toilsome journey was at an end. But we thought nothing of the heaviness of our labor as we saw the glad look that came into his face when he gazed out over that broad expanse of sunlit landscape, and snuffed eagerly the sweet fresh air, and so felt his soul grow light within him as he realized that he once more was safe and free.

In the mouth of the cave—within its shelter, yet where he could see out freely and so have constantly in his mind the comforting thought of his deliverance—we made a bed for him of soft pine branches which some near-by trees gave us: and we took care that this couch should be so thick and so

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

evenly laid that he would lie easily upon it; for we knew that many days, perhaps even weeks, must pass before we could venture to put so heavy a strain upon his strength as would come when we carried him down that rough mountain-side, and so began our journey toward home.

Fortunately, a little spring came out from the rock, clear and cool, just inside the cave; and game was so abundant on that mountain-side that Young came back presently from a foraging expedition with half a dozen codornices, that he had come so close to as to shoot with his revolver, and a jack-rabbit that he actually had caught with his hands as it jumped up almost beneath his feet; which excellent fare made a most satisfying supper for all of us; and eating it so added to Rayburn's strength—as we could tell by the fuller tones of his voice, and by his being able to move a little on his bed without our helping him—as to rouse in us a warm hope that the death that seemed so near to him might yet be thrust away. Our chief concern, lest the shock that would come to him of knowing it should fairly kill him, was to hide from him for the present the knowledge that Fray Antonio was dead; and to compass this end we plumply told him the flat-footed lie that the monk had gone on in search of some town whence he might bring back horses and supplies; and so, for a time, we laid at rest his doubts.

In his own original way, also, Young tried to put heart into him. "You see, old man," he said, "you've just *got* t' pull through. Think how —— ashamed o' yourself you'd feel after you was dead when you had t' tell all th' folks in heaven that you was killed by nothin' better'n a mis'rable chump of an Injun! That was what bothered poor old Steve Hollis when he was handin' in *his* checks—'t least it was th' same general sort of idea. I guess you never knew Steve, did you, Rayburn? He was an old railroader—had been a-workin' on th' Old Colony one way and another for more'n twenty years. When I knowed him he used t' run th' steam-boat express from Boston t' Fall River—their boss train on that blasted old road. Steve owned a house clost t' th' line just a little way out o' Braintree; an' when 'twas his day off he'd mostly slide down from Fall River on No. 2 an' walk out home from Braintree along th' track. Nobody ever know'd just how 't happened—Steve was th' soberest man I ever knowed; never drunk a drop o' nothin'—but one day, as he was walkin' out home, No. 15, that was th' slow freight from Boston t' Newport, ketched him an' got in its work on him—an' that was th' end o' Steve. It didn't kill him right smack off, an' I went down t' see him; for I did think th' world of old Steve. He was a-layin' in his bed, an' I could see that he was a'most gone when I got there; but he chippered up a little for a minute as I shook hands with him and ast him how he was. He said he was poorly; an' then he kep' quiet for a while. Then he kind o' ketched his breath an' seemed t' want t' say somethin'. So I bent over him, an' he said, in a kind of a whisperin' groan: 'Jus' think of it, Seth, what did it was th' slow freight! That's what cuts me; that's what cuts me the worst kind. I wouldn't 'a' minded if 't had been th' express—them things will happen, an' they've got t' come. But here I've been a-railroadin' for more'n twenty year—an' t' think o' *me* bein' busted by that —— slow freight!' An' then he turned over, an' give a sort of a grunt, an' died."

I am not sure that I should have selected this particular story to tell to Rayburn just then; but the moral that it contained unquestionably was a sound one, and, in a way, was calculated to impress upon him strongly the conviction that his duty was to get well.

XXXVIII.—KING CHALTZANTZIN'S TREASURE.

Whether or not Young's story had this good effect upon Rayburn, I am not prepared to say; but it is certain that he slept well that night—his first good night's sleep for many weeks—and that when morning came he was so much stronger and brighter as to fill us with a still more earnest hope that he was well started on the way to recovery.

Young quickly brought in some birds for our breakfast, and when the meal was finished he took me aside and said: "Now, Professor, lets me an' you go back t' that hole an' bring away all there is there that's worth carryin'. It's not much, I guess, but it's better'n nothin'. It just makes me sick t' think of all that gold, that 'u'd 'a' made our everlastin' fortunes if we'd only been able t' pack it along with us. There was millions an' millions there, I s'pose—an' it 'll never do us any more good than if we'd never seen it at all!" and as Young spoke he heaved a very melancholy sigh. "But we may as well grab all we can get," he went on, more cheerfully. "There was a lot o' gold boxes an' jugs in th' room where Mullins is; an' maybe there's somethin' that's worth havin' in all them little pots. Let's go back an' see, anyway. Rayburn's lookin' almost all right this mornin'; and Pablo's got his wits back now, an' can give him anything he wants."

For my own part, I did not desire because of their money value any of the articles which I had seen in the Treasure-Chamber; but I did very earnestly long to possess myself of that most curious astrolabe, and I desired also to examine carefully—because of the discoveries of great archæological value which I hoped to make—the contents of the gold boxes and vases and earthen jars. Therefore, Rayburn having expressed his entire willingness that we should leave him, I assented readily to Young's proposition; whereupon Young lighted the lantern and we set off.

As we entered again the Treasure-Chamber there was within me a strong feeling of awe. During our hurried passage through it, the imminent danger in which we were, and then the excitement of the scene in the oratory, and then the joyfulness of our finding a way of escape, had prevented me from realizing how wonderful was the deposit that this room contained; a deposit that certainly had lain there for not less than a thousand years, and that unquestionably was the most perfect surviving trace of the most intelligent and most interesting people that in prehistoric times dwelt upon this continent. Which strange reflections, now that my mind was free to entertain them and to dwell upon them, aroused within me a feeling of such reverent wonder that I hesitated for some moments before I could bring myself to disturb what thus through so long a sweep of ages had remained sacredly inviolate.

But reverence, as he himself would have said, was not Young's strongest hold; in truth, I am persuaded that there was not an atom of it in his entire composition; and as I stood hesitating beside the statue of Chac-Mool he briskly called to me: "Come right along, Professor; there ain't nobody t' stop us now. We've got th' drop, you might say, on th' whole outfit, an' we can do just as we blame please. This looks like a badly kept drug store, don't it?" he went on, "with all these pots an' boxes an' little jars stuck 'round on th' shelves. Well, here goes t' see what's in 'em: not much o' nothin', I guess; but then it *might* be di'monds, an' that just would be gay!"

As Young spoke he thrust his hand into one of the earthen jars, and thereby set flying such a cloud of dust that for some seconds his violent sneezing prevented him from examining the small object that he had brought forth from the jar and held in his hand; and when he did examine this object an expression of intense disgust appeared upon his face, and he exclaimed, indignantly: "Why, it's nothin' but a fool arrow-head!"

I could not but laugh at Young as I took the arrow-head from him. For my purposes this beautifully carved piece of obsidian was far more precious than a diamond would have been; and I tried—quite unsuccessfully, however—to arouse his interest in this proof of the high degree of skill to which the prehistoric races of America had attained in the manipulation of an exceedingly hard yet delicate variety of stone; and I added that not less interesting was the proof thus afforded us of the great value which these same races attached to implements of war.

"Oh, come off with your prehistoric races, Professor!" he growled. "A whole car-load o' rubbish like this wouldn't be worth a nickel t' anybody but a scientific crank like you. If this is th' sort o' stuff that that old King o' yours thought was worth hidin', I guess he must 'a' been off his head. But that pot may 'a' got in by mistake. Before I get too much down on him I'll give him another show." With which words, but cautiously, that the dust might not be disturbed, he thrust his hand into another jar; and was mightily resentful upon finding that what he brought forth from it was only the head of a lance. However, the determination to give King Chaltzantzin a chance to prove his sanity, together with the hope that something of real value might be found, led him to continue his investigations, and he presently had examined all the jars ranged on two sides of the room, and his grumbling curses increased constantly in vigor as jar after jar yielded only arrow-heads, and lance-heads, and chisel-shaped pieces of obsidian, that I perceived must have been intended for the making of the cutting edges of the maccuahuitl, or Aztec sword; but, for my part, all of these things filled me with the liveliest pleasure as I took them from Young and attentively examined them; for the delicate and perfect workmanship that they exhibited showed them to have been made by a people that had reached the highest development of the Stone Age.

"This business is gettin' worse, instead o' better," Young said, gloomily, as he began his search on the third side of the room by opening one of the small gold boxes. "The stuff in here is nothin' but a mean sort o' wrappin'-paper with pictures on it—like that old map o' yours that got us started on this tomfoolin' treasure hunt. I s'pose *you'll* just have a fit over it!" And as I uttered an eager cry of delight, and bent over this casket that contained such inestimable riches, he gave a sniff of contempt, and added: "There, I thought so. You think more o' that rotten old stuff than you would o' gold dollars. Well, there's no accountin' for tastes, and it takes all sorts o' people t' make th' world." But I paid no attention to him as I rapidly glanced over these priceless manuscripts; and then had my cup of happiness filled absolutely to overflowing by the glad discovery that in every one of the gold boxes, of which there were nine in all, treasures of a like sort were stored. In the supplemental volume (in elephant folio) to my *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America* these wonderful manuscripts are reproduced in fac-simile; and when that great work is published the surpassing value of my discovery will be at once recognized. It is sufficient to say here that these several codices together constituted a complete hieratic chronicle of the Aztec tribes: and that (herein lying the extraordinary value of the collection) the uncertain picture-writing was accompanied by a translation into the ideographic characters of later times, the meaning of which I was enabled, thanks to the instruction that my friend the guardian of the archives had given me, fully to understand. In short, my discovery precisely paralleled that of Boussard; for even as the Rosetta Stone gave the key to Egyptian hieroglyphics, so did this transliteration into intelligible characters make all Aztec picture-writing plain. As the full significance of my discovery burst upon me, my joy and the excitement of my splendid triumph so moved me that my hands trembled as I held these precious manuscripts, and I no longer could see clearly the painted characters because of the tears of happiness which filled my eyes.

Young, however, whose longing was only for material treasure, continued his investigations in anything but a thankful mood. "There ain't no doubt of it *now*," he said presently in a most melancholy tone. "That old King o' yours must 'a' been just as crazy as a loon. Look here: this thing ain't even a fool arrow-head; it's nothin' but a bit o' green glass! I reckon it's part o' th' bottom of a porter bottle. Nice sort o' stuff this is t' call treasure, an' t' take such an all-fired lot o' trouble t' hide away! Why, I should jedge that that King must 'a' spent most of his time settin' up nights a-puzzlin' over plans for makin' sure that he was th' very ——est biggest fool that ever lived—an' that's just what he was, for sure! It's tough, gettin' left this way; but it wouldn't begin t' be as tough as 't is if 't wasn't for all them car-loads an' car-loads o' gold right clost by us here, that we might 'a' got away with as easy as rollin' off a log if we'd only ketched on to this back-door racket in time. An' see here, Professor," he went on, in a very earnest tone, "I don't believe there's anybody in there now—why shouldn't we just chance things a little an' go back an' get some of it? We've got our guns; an' even if we do strike a crowd too big for us t' tackle, an' have t' run for it, we won't be no worse off 'an we are now. Come, let's try it on!"

While Young spoke I had been looking closely at the object that so violently had excited his indignation, and instead of replying to him I asked: "Are there any more pieces of that porter bottle in the jar?"

"It's full of 'em," he answered, with a contemptuous brevity.

"And the next?"

"That's full of 'em too. All th' jars on this side o' th' room are full of 'em," he added, as he rapidly thrust his hand into one after another—and so set the dust to flying that we both fell to sneezing as though we would sneeze our heads off. "Oh, come along, Professor. What's th' use o' foolin' over this rubbish? Let's go for th' stuff that's good for its weight in spot cash every time!"

"Wait till we see what is in these gold vases over here," I answered, turning as I spoke to the side of the room that as yet we had not examined.

"What's th' good?" he asked, sulkily. But he lifted down one of the vases, and with his thumb and finger brought forth from it a little round black ball. "Worse an' worse," he said, as he handed the ball to me. "We've got down t' what looks like lumps o' shoemaker's wax, now. That's about th' sickest-lookin' thing t' call itself treasure I ever did see!"

It did not seem to me probable that the little ball was shoemaker's wax; but in order to settle this point experimentally I cut into it with my penknife. Under the gummy exterior I found a layer of cotton-wool, and enclosed in this a hard substance about the size of a hazel-nut. While I was making this examination, Young investigated into the contents of the remaining vases—which themselves were exceedingly interesting, being made of hammered gold and most curiously engraved.

"They're no good," he said, "except I s'pose th' mugs must be worth somethin'. Shoemaker's wax in 'em all! It's worse 'an th' porter bottles—for what's th' use o' shoemaker's wax t' folks who don't rightly know what a shoe is? Come along, I say, Professor, an' let's have a whack at them piles o' gold. If we don't tackle 'em we might just as well never have come on this treasure hunt at all. Some o' the stuff in here's worth havin'—th' gold mugs an' boxes, an' that old gold bow-gun that you're so busted about—but what does th' whole of it amount to, anyway, when you come t' divide it up among four men an' a jackass? I guess even th' jackass 'u'd turn up his nose at it if he knowed what a lot more there was that was t' be had for just grabbin' it an' packin' it along. It's somethin', I s'pose, that we've pulled through without losin' our hair; but we *have* pulled through all right, an' now we want t' make this business pay; an' unless we go for that gold this business won't 'a' paid worth a cuss—an' instead o' comin' out on top we'll be left th' very worst kind!"

As Young was delivered of this dismal remonstrance I handed him the small object that I had extracted from the pitch-coated ball. "Before you make up your mind that we are likely to be 'left,' as you term it, suppose you look at this," I said.

He held out his hand carelessly; but as he saw what I had placed in it his expression suddenly changed, and he burst forth excitedly: "Great Scott! where did this come from? Why—why, Professor, it *looks* like it was a pearl; but if 't truly is one it's about th' bustin'est biggest one that God A'mighty ever made! Do you truly size it up for a pearl yourself?"

"Most assuredly," I answered. "And it is a fair assumption, I think, that there is a pearl in each one of all these little pitch-covered balls. As to what you called bits of green glass, they are neither more nor less than extraordinary fine emeralds; I should say that the smallest of them must be worth more dollars than you could carry at a single load. Of course all the emeralds and pearls together are not worth a single one of these manuscripts"—here Young gave a sceptical grunt—"but in the way of vulgar, material riches I am confident that the value of what is in these jars is greater than that of all the gold together that we saw in the Valley of Aztlan. Without a shadow of doubt, you and I at this moment are standing in the midst of the most enormous treasure that ever has been brought together since the world was made!"

"Honest Injun, Professor?"

"Certainly," I answered; "and if this is your notion of getting 'left' on a treasure hunt," I continued, "it assuredly is not mine."

"Left?" Young repeated after me, while his eyes ranged exultantly over the rows of jars in which this vast wealth was contained. "Well, I should smile! I take it all back about that old King bein' crazy. He was just as level-headed as George Washington an' Dan'l Webster rolled into one. These pots full of arrow-heads an' such stuff was only one of his little jokes, showin' that he must 'a' been a good-natured, comical old cuss, th' kind I always did like, anyway. Left? Not much we ain't left! We've just everlastin'ly got there with all four feet to oncet! Professor, shake!"

EPILOGUE.

Throughout my whole life I have been saddened, as each well-defined section of it has come to an end, by the thought that during the period that has then slipped away from me forever I have wasted more opportunities than I have improved. As I write these final lines, therefore, I feel a sorrowful regret, which, in a way, is akin to the regret that weighed upon me when Young and I, having carried into the cave the contents of the Treasure-Chamber, removed the prop wherewith was upheld the swinging statue, and so suffered to fall into place again that ponderous mass of stone. From below, where we were, lifting it was impossible; and by heaping fragments of rock under the forward end of it we presently made it equally immovable from above. Thus for outlet or for inlet that way was irrevocably barred. And as I write now I know that I am not less irrevocably severing myself from one portion of my past. For, says the Persian poet, "A finished book is a sealed casket. To it nothing can be added. From it nothing can be taken away. Therefore should we pray to Allah that its contents may be good."

The record that I am now ending was begun partly that I might find in the writing of it relief from the more serious work in which I have been engaged, and partly because I perceived that I could properly include in a personal narrative many matters which were too trivial or too entirely personal to be incorporated into my extended scientific treatise, but which, I was persuaded, were of a sufficient interest to be preserved. But I certainly should not have finished this history of our adventures nearly so expeditiously had not Rayburn and Young taken a very lively interest in it, and pressed me constantly to bring it to an end.

"You see, Professor," said Young, "I don't want t' say anything against that big book you're writin'. I don't doubt that in its way it 'll be a daisy; but you know yourself there won't be more'n about three cranks in th' whole o' God's universe who'll ever read more'n about ten lines of it; an' that's why I want you t' rush ahead with th' little book—that stands some chance o' bein' read outside o' lunatic asylums—so's folks 'll know what a powerful queer time we've had. Don't be too cussed particular t' say just where that valley is—for, while it's not likely, we might want t' take a fightin' crowd along an' dynamite our way back there some day after more cash; but, exceptin' that, just give 'em th' cold facts. I reckon they'll make some folks open their eyes."

From time to time, as my narrative has grown beneath my hand, I have read aloud to my fellow-adventurers what I have written, and have received from them suggestions in accordance with which it has been corrected or amended in its several parts; and it is but just to add, in this connection, that in every case where I have referred (as it seems to me now in words not nearly strong enough) to the loyalty to our common interests, and to the splendid bravery which Rayburn and Young constantly exhibited throughout that trying time, I have been compelled to exert the whole of my authority over them, in order to win their grumbling permission that my words might stand. Even Pablo—for the love that there was between this boy and

me was far too strong to permit me to leave him behind in Mexico, and we are likely to live together as long as we live at all—has taken issue with me concerning what I have written of his steadfast faithfulness and courage; and this on the ground that he could not possibly be anything but faithful to those whom he loved, and that it is only natural for a man to fight for his own life and for the lives of his friends. In thus applying the word *hombre* to himself, Pablo spoke a little doubtfully, as though he feared that I might question his right to it; yet did he roll it so relishingly under his tongue, and so well had he proved his manliness, that I suffered it to pass.

In point of fact, the only member of our party who has accepted my just tribute of praise with entire equanimity has been El Sabio. It was Pablo's notion, of course, that El Sabio should hear what I had written about him. "Not the whole of it, you know, señor," the boy said, earnestly; "for some of what you have written—while I know that it is true, and therefore must be told—would hurt his tender heart. It was not his fault—the angel!—that he gave us so much trouble when we swung him across the cañon; and to tell him that there was even a thought of eating him, while we were in that dreadful valley where every one was dead, assuredly would turn him gray before his time. No; we will hide all such unpleasant parts of the book from him; but we will read to him what you have said concerning his beauty and his wisdom—and, surely, you might have said of these a great deal more; and also about his gallant fight with the priests, when, all alone, he slew so many of them with his heels. And it would have been fairer to El Sabio, señor," Pablo added, a little reproachfully, as we walked out together to the paddock in which the ass, grown to be very fat, was living a life of most royal ease, "had you told in the book how well he served us in bringing all the treasure, in many weary journeys, out through that dismal cave; and also how carefully he carried the Señor Rayburn down that steep mountain-side, and so to the little town beside the railway, and never hurt his wound."

However, El Sabio did not seem to notice these omissions from my narrative, though he certainly did exhibit a most curious air of interest and understanding as I read to him those laudatory portions of it which Pablo desired that he should hear. According to Pablo's understanding of his language, he even thanked me for speaking well of him; for when the reading was ended he thrust his nose far forward, laid his long ears back upon his neck, planted his little legs firmly, and as he erected in triumph his scrag of a tail, he uttered a most thunderous bray. "And now, Wise One," Pablo said tenderly, as he infolded the head of the ass in his arms and hugged it to his breast, "thou knowest that we not only love thee for thy goodness and thy wisdom, but that we also honor thee for thy noble deeds."

Rayburn's fancy was mightily tickled by this performance in which El Sabio and Pablo and I had engaged—though Young evidently thought it but another proof of the addled state of my brains—when I told about it that evening as we all sat smoking comfortably in my library before the open fire. This was to be our last meeting for some time to come; for Rayburn was to start the next day for Idaho to look after some mining matters, and Young suddenly had decided that he would accompany him. In truth, Young was rather at a loss to know what to do with himself; for his plan for buying the Old Colony Railroad, in order to be in a position to discharge its superintendent, had been abandoned. "I'd like t' do it, of course," he said. "Bouncin' that chump th' same way that he bounced me would do me a lot o' good; but I've made up my mind it wouldn't be th' square thing t' do, considerin' that if he hadn't bounced me I'd still be foolin' 'round on top o' freight cars, in all sorts o' weather, handlin' brakes. So I've let up on him, an' he can stay. What I want now is t' do some good with this all-fired big pile o' money that I've got. That's one reason why I'm goin' out with Rayburn t' Idaho. Right straight along from here t' Boisé City I mean t' set up drinks for every railroader I meet. That 'll be doin' good, for sure."

Rayburn and I laughed a little at this odd method for benefiting humanity that Young had got hold of; and then Rayburn's face grew grave as he said: "Well, we're doing a little good, I suppose, in putting that old church in Morelia in good shape. I'm glad you thought of that, Professor. I don't suppose that anything we could have done would have pleased the Padre more than to have that church, that he loved so much, made as handsome as money can make it all the way through."

"Yes," Young added, "an' I guess th' Professor's head was level in havin' all th' new stuff that we've put in it made t' look like 't was about two hundred years old. I did kick at that at first, I'll allow. What I wanted t' do was t' build a first-class new church, with a rattlin' tall steeple, an' steam heat, an' electric lights, an' an organ big enough t' bust the roof off every time she was played. But the Padre was as keen as th' Professor, a'most, for old-fashioned things; an' so I guess we've done that job just about as he'd 'a' done it himself. It makes me feel queer, though, puttin' up money on a Catholic church that way; an' when I was tellin' an old aunt o' mine, down t' Milton, about it, she just riz up an' r'ared. An' she didn't feel a bit better when I told her that if I thought it 'u'd please th' Padre t' have me do it, I'd go smack off t' Rome an' shake hands with th' Pope. And I truly would do that very same thing," Young continued earnestly, while his voice trembled a little, "for this side o' heaven I never expect t' meet anybody that's so near t' bein' a first-class angel as th' Padre was. An' when I think how he saved our mis'rable lives for us, as he surely did, by givin' away his own—that was worth more'n all of ours put together an' ten times over—I don't care a continental what his religious politics was; an' I'll punch th' head of anybody who don't say that he was th' pluckiest an' th' best man that ever lived!"

Pablo had caught the word Padre in Young's talk, and as the lad looked up from the corner in which he was sitting, I saw that his eyes were full of tears; Rayburn's eyes also had an odd glistening look about them as he turned away suddenly and emptied the ashes from his pipe into the fire; and I know that I could not see very clearly just then, as very tender yet very poignant memories surged suddenly into my heart.

And when the others left me—as they did presently, for we could not fall again into commonplace talk—I bade Pablo be off to bed, and so sat there for a while alone. What I had planned to do that night was to revise an address that I was shortly to deliver before the Archæological Institute; but the pen that I had taken into my hand lay idle there, while my thoughts went backward through the channels of the past.

In that still season of darkness I seemed to live again through all the time that Fray Antonio and I had been together; from the moment when I first caught sight of him, as he knelt before the crucifix in the sacristy, to my last sad look at the dead body whence his soul had sped back again to God.

As my thoughts dwelt upon this most loving and most tender companionship, the like of which for perfectness I am confident was never known, and then upon the cruel violence that brought it to an end, so searching a pain went through my soul that I knew that either it must cease or I must die of it in a very little while. And then was borne in upon me the strong conviction—and so has it since been always when thus my thoughts have been engaged—that because of my very love for Fray Antonio must I rejoice that he had died so savage a death; believing confidently that what he prayed for when first I found him in the Christian church of San Francisco was, in truth, that very crown of martyrdom that God granted to him when at last I lost him in the heathen city of Culhuacan. And with the pressing in upon me thus strangely of this strange thought, it seemed as though he himself said again to me, "I go to win the life, glorious and eternal, into which neither death nor sin nor sorrow evermore can come."

THE END.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

The entire Supplement to the last number of Harper's Weekly (April 19) was devoted to ten illustrations of the recent far-reaching floods in the Mississippi Valley. In the same number there was an article discussing some of the engineering problems in connection with the prevention of such disasters. In the present paper we give further illustrations of incidents of the great floods.

It seems questionable whether such a mighty accumulation of water as is presented by the Mississippi River ever could be controlled. All that can be done is to mitigate the destruction caused by the waters.

The system of levees has exactly the same conditions as the chain, which is no stronger than its weakest link. Every precaution may be taken as to many miles of levees, but want of care in any short section brings with it general disaster. There is a question of self-preservation which enters into the subject, and men seeing their own lives and property in danger will cut away a dike, indifferent to the sufferings of others.

It is fortunate for those who live on or near the Mississippi that the rise in the river is always fairly slow, and that by means of the telegraph communication is rendered rapid. Certain precautions are carried out. A planter living on the river generally knows what is the level of the water fifty miles above him. It is terrible to be conscious that an inch more of water is certain to ruin him. Such periods of anxiety are common, and dates run back along the Coast to former floods, and particularly to that of 1882.

The present rise in the Mississippi, bad though it is, is not worse than the one of eight years ago, and the warning given was probably somewhat longer. But for all this, the destruction of property has been terrible.

In presenting sketches taken by artists especially detailed for the work, the points of view cannot always be of the artist's own selection. When there is a flood, the sketcher must go where he can, and give exact details, indifferent to the picturesque. The great Father of Waters, like all huge forces in nature, moves slowly, deliberately, but with an irresistible power. He does not tear away obstacles, but slowly undermines, then drowns whatever may be in his way.

The illustration of Leota shows a small settlement in Washington County, Mississippi. Leota is some short distance from Greenville. Where the levee has been is no longer discoverable. The low rise of the land three-quarters of a mile back from the river has so far stopped the flood.

Butler's is in Warren County, Mississippi, and was a post-office. Inland navigation has become a necessity when provisions have to be obtained. The privations undergone by some of the drowned-out ones have been so far severe.

Shiloh is in Issaqua County, Mississippi, below Leota. The sketch shows some of the peculiarities of the situation. Cattle have been saved. They have scrambled to the top of the levee, and such animals must not only be secured, but fed. All around is a great expanse of water, and the Mississippi has stolen in back of the dike.

At Raleigh, in Louisiana, there was an old levee which had stood the brunt of floods for years. It could not hold out longer, and the great stream swept the greater portion of it away. A steamer has taken advantage of the situation, and is landing provisions for the unfortunate people.

Grand Lake, in Arkansas, is opposite to Leota, and near the Louisiana line. The Mississippi forms here a kind of circle, throwing one arm into Arkansas, so that the land is virtually an island at high water. To-day there is no land, save some feet below the surface, and so a regular lake has been formed.

At Henderson, Louisiana, the inroads of the river on a levee can at once be understood. A long straggling earthwork stretches out into the river, and behind it for a mile or two inland is the water. Broken-down fences show where the fields have been divided off. In the distance a steamer is throwing clouds of smoke, and she describes a course she has never taken before.

THE SOWER OF THE EARTH.

Dost think, in this fair seed-time, thou alone,
O stalwart husbandman with sun-browned hands,
Shalt plant the upturned furrows through thy lands?
Behold a mighty sower, all unknown,
Hath passed before thee and hath sown the fields!
Upon the silent earth breast, bare and brown,
White-winged thistle flocks were scattered down
With May-weed seedlings, which shall surely bear
Abundant harvest in the summer days.
Ah! husbandman, the fields thou call'st thine own
Are by another's hands already sown;
And vainly shalt thou strive to fence thy ways,
The hand that seeds the fields thou canst not bind,
For, lo! the mighty sower is the Wind.

Lucy E. Tilley.

PROSPECTORS IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

The range of the prospector's exploration is wherever he may hope to find a natural deposit of valuable mineral. Let it be known that rich undiscovered mines may be found in any region, however remote and difficult of access, and he soon solves the question of its civilized settlement. He is pre-eminently an optimist, buoyed always by hope. Distance, climate, roughness of country, savage tribes, the injunctions of law, and the obligations of treaties are alike powerless to deter him if he feels that ahead in his path may lie a "color" of gold or the outcroppings of a vein of valuable ore. Preceded only by the trapper and hunter, he has been the pioneer in the development of all the country between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific coast. Here and there along the trails the explorer in the mountains meets the prospector with his train of burros, and often comes upon his "prospect holes," the marks made by his hammer upon the ledges, the beginning of shafts and tunnels, his rude cabin, the brands of his camp fire, and sometimes his bones, where Indian attack, hunger, or mortal illness has stopped forever his dream of riches. The spirit of discovery possesses the prospector with a fascination like that of gambling or the absorption of the inventor. Some of them continue their lives of exploration to the end, failing always to improve their discoveries to their own advantage; others, having made a lucky "strike," settle down to work their claims, and profit by their development. Often a prospector without means is "grub-staked" by some frontier merchant, who furnishes him supplies for a trip into the mountains, in consideration of sharing equally in whatever mining claims he locates.

The prospector is always sanguine and is usually serious. A man who constantly feels that there is waiting for him a great fortune which he has only to find to enjoy has a hope too deep for levity. But he carries into all his life a grim humor, and his quaint expressions of speech derived from his occupation are current language throughout the region in which he abides, and some of them have found adoption in the vocabulary of the Eastern States.

His preparations for a prospecting trip are simple. Upon his burros—Mexican asses—he packs an outfit of bacon, flour, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and ammunition, together with a pick and shovel, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and roll of blankets. Thus equipped—not forgetting his weapons—he leaves the mining camp, starting forth, sometimes alone, oftener with a partner, and less frequently as one of a larger party. Pushing into the mountains, he threads the narrow gorges, climbs precipitous mountain-sides, and crosses deserts, beset by the perils of thirst and hunger, of renegade Indians, and of white outlaws almost as dangerous. With the possibilities always before him of a fall from a precipice, of being overwhelmed by an avalanche, or, in the winter months, of being snowed in amid the mountains, he pursues his way, watching keenly at every step of his progress for indications of mineral, and cheered amid all misadventures by golden dreams of a "lucky find" that shall transform the hard circumstances of his life into all the splendor and luxury of unbounded wealth.

The Sierra Madre Mountains in southern New Mexico and Mexico is a region long coveted by prospectors. There is indisputable evidence of the wealth of the mineral deposits in this great range, in the spurs and foot-hills of which, below the Mexican line, are the rich mines of Chihuahua, Zacatecas, and other localities that have enriched their owners for centuries. But the difficulties of reaching and penetrating this region, and the fact that until recently it has been from time immemorial a refuge and head-quarters of the worst bands of Apaches, have made it a sealed book, and until after Geronimo's surrender in 1886, the renegade Indians made it too unsafe to enter. Even under the present conditions of comparative safety from Indian attack, there is the constant menace of a possible outbreak of Apaches from the San Carlos Reservation, in which event the life of every prospector in the Sierra Madre would be imperilled. The remoteness of these mountains from civilized settlements, their inaccessible character, and the element of danger, invest them with a mystery and difficulty less deterrent than attractive to the prospector.

The accompanying illustration by Mr. Frederic Remington represents two prospectors in the Sierra Madre who, after what has evidently been a long and toilsome journey, have arrived at a point where they can see ahead of them the mountainous tract in which they believe lie rich and undiscovered mineral deposits. It is a locality which can be reached only at a season when grass and water are abundant, and these conditions perhaps exist only in certain favored years. Toward this point they have been working their way through a difficult and trackless country, until at last the landmarks are verified, and there can be no doubt that the promised land is in sight. But the pleasure of the discovery disappears in face of the unpleasant fact that they are out of provisions. There are no available means of replenishing their stores short of the distant settlements, and to push ahead into the barren country without an adequate supply of provisions would be an act too reckless even for venturesome prospectors to undertake. The long-sought mountains, which in the clear air look so near, are still far away, and the disappointed treasure-hunters have wearily stopped, and now gaze with unsatisfied longing upon the vision which in their situation is as unattainable as a mirage. The clear path of safety is to go back; even in adopting that course they are likely to suffer some sharp pangs of hunger, and to have to tighten their belts more than once before they regain "white settlements."

A thousand baffling contingencies may arise before they can again make the trip. The probabilities are that all their available property is comprised in the outfit of their present expedition, and if such be the case, to raise a "stake" for the obtaining of supplies for a second trip after their return to town may not be an easy proceeding. Even if their refitting can be effected without undue trouble, the necessary delays may compel them to postpone their departure, owing to the lateness of the season with reference to water and grass. The idea of this indefinite waiting to men who have thought that their fortune lay immediately before them is tedious and dismal. Perhaps they will never repeat the trip together, for in the vicissitudes of a new country a man must count on the chances of death, and many other causes of separation from his "pard." Even if they finally reach the desired region, they are only too likely to find that other more fortunate prospectors have struck there ahead of them and located the best claims.

The patient burros that bear their packs so contentedly have apparently the best of the situation, for they can make a satisfactory meal on very scanty vegetation. Fortunately for their peace of mind these docile little animals, with their look of wisdom, are unaware that one of the features of the emergency is the possibility that their masters may have to replenish their store of provisions with the flesh of one of the pack-animals, which, "jerked" (dried in the sun), would serve for a food supply during the return trip until other can be obtained. It is an unpleasant alternative even to starvation, and will be resorted to only in the direst emergency, although the Southwestern prospectors' chief enemy, the Apache, esteems mule meat a dainty feast.

But the prospector is a rough philosopher, and in a life which is a succession of hope and disappointment he learns to expect its ills, and to bear them with no great amount of repining. The losing of vast fortunes that he never had gets to be a habit with him, and after a due amount of deliberation, probably not unaccompanied by some outbursts of heart-felt and picturesque profanity, the two comrades will yield to the inevitable, and, hoping for "better luck next time," will turn back and make the best of their way across the desert to the nearest mining settlement, with the report of "no prospects located."

Clarence Pullen.

PROSPECTORS IN THE SIERRA MADRE—"OUT OF GRUB AND THE PR

PROMISED LAND IN SIGHT."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 327.]

THE STORY OF TRES PALACIOS.

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

BETWEEN Santiago de Veragua and the little port of Agua Duluce, that lies near the mouth of the Agua Duluce River, the ground falls in regular terraces, shelving toward the coast. During the dry season, when the ruts of the ox-carts and the rough up-churned cattle trails have become filled in with plants, the road is easy, and a good horse will make the journey in eight hours—five in the morning and three toward sunset. The interval is dozed away in the shade of some clump of huge mangoes that rise from the swelling surface of the San Selina plain like giant fungi in a desolate graveyard. Two or three times a month during the local summer long wagon and pack trains, with all their attendant noise and bustle, wind slowly down to the coast; but, as a rule, the vast plain is silent and deserted.

One hot morning in April a horseman dismounted by the shallow creek that drains the plateau, loosened the cincha, and removed the bit from the horse's mouth to let it drink. Then leading the animal by the halter, he leisurely strolled toward the nearest clump of mangoes, where he began to unpack his load. This consisted of two fighting cocks tied up in old straw hats, and slung one on either side of the saddle, a bunch of green bananas, several gourds and pans, a cotton umbrella, a cavalry sword, and finally a very old, small, but apparently heavy leather valise—all of which he stowed away among the roots of the tree, and covered with his saddle gear.

The traveller was a tall, spare mulatto, quite seventy years old, yet still strong and quick of movement. Although dressed only in a white cotton shirt that hung loosely over his canvas drawers, there was a certain dignity about the man entirely out of keeping with the poverty of his appearance. On his left foot he wore an old Blücher shoe, armed with a silver spur, while the right was bare. An enormous ragged straw hat, battered entirely out of shape, was driven down to his eyes, though evidently not for the sake of concealment, for as soon as he had picketed his horse, he flung down his rags and walked down to the creek, where he bathed quickly but thoroughly, the while talking aloud to himself, now in a deep bass voice, now in a high quavering falsetto.

The place was evidently familiar to him, for he wasted no time in looking around. When he returned from the creek he cleaned up the little oven of stones built against the rock behind the mango, started a fire, then came back to liberate his fighting cocks, which he fed and fondled a little, speaking to them caressingly, and holding their heads under his ragged mustache. He seemed excited and happy, for he often interrupted his monologue to gesticulate or laugh. Once even he laid down his gourd full of *pinole*, uncovered the old valise, and weighed it carefully. The weight seemed to satisfy him, for with a sweeping gesture of his right arm he addressed the vast silent wilderness around him.

"At last!" he cried. "I shall see her, my little darling, my little Teresita, jewel of my soul! I shall see her—I shall see her! Ah, Teresa, you said *five* thousand! I bring nearly *ten*. *Sí, señores*, nearly ten thousand dollars in gold! Have I grown old, perhaps? Have I grown weak, perhaps? Yes, no doubt I have grown both old and weak. But my arm is still strong enough to handle hammer and drill; my hand is still cunning to twirl the *batea*, and swash off the sand from the gold. Ah, Teresa, my little girl, I shall see you once more! And then—well, then there will be room enough for the old negro among these hills—room enough for the old man to go to rest. Who will be ashamed of his rags here? Who will laugh at his monkey face, with its scars and wrinkles? In the deserted rock gorges, when the time comes, there will be room for the old white horse and for the old negro. Yes, there will be room.". . . .

He stopped suddenly, his arm in mid-air, his head raised. In his eyes there was a distant look, fixed upon things far beyond the horizon. The sullen silence of the hot noon surrounded him as with a wall of quivering heat, and gradually, as if overcome by an irresistible rising tide, the old man sank upon the ground, his head on his knees, and dim fancy pictures in his greedy eyes. Above the steel-blue coating of the plain the distant purple hills rested heavily upon the horizon. The blotches of color made by the tree clumps grew fainter and fainter, until they seemed to swim like puffs of vapor in a sea of molten lead, and the sad noises of the tropical landscape hushed singly beneath the relentless sun. In comparison with the glare outside the green shade of the majestic, motionless mango seemed damp and deep, like some diver's refuge beneath the sea surface—a region of slumber and quiet, full of the intense, overpowering stillness of the tropical noon. One by one the living things yielded, reluctant, yet powerless to resist, and one by one they lay down on the soft bed of dried leaves to sleep.

The old negro Tres Palacios alone remained awake. Yet he also was dreaming of the past—his own past—which was dream-land to him. His life had been so active, he had always lived so intensely in the present, that the leisure which is necessary to retrospection had been impossible; and now it seemed as though for the first time nature's ledger lay open before him, at the page of his account with her.

Dim and indistinct he saw high on a hill the veranda of a great white house with pillared front. Before the hall door stood a tall handsome man in riding costume talking angrily, his whip raised high in his uplifted hand. Below, kneeling on the steps, a negress was weeping and holding a child in her outstretched arms. Then the whip fell; the vaquero laughed; a purple welt sprang up across the woman's bare bosom; and Tres Palacios instinctively raised his hand to his face, and started to his feet. It was a dream, of course, a fancy, a reminiscence, perhaps; but who was there to tell? . . .

And then a bamboo hut, covered with the broad fresh-smelling palm leaves weighted down with loam. Before the hut, a barren hill; and at the bottom a spring surrounded with half-dead mesquites and tall swaying palms. A round water jug to be filled, . . and a boy struggling up the hill under the weight. A laugh, a taunt, a flash of steel, and the scoffer squirming on the ground, while the red pool about his shoulders grew larger and larger as he lay in the dust and became more quiet. . . . But it was all very dim, very indistinct. . . . . .

Then the broad savanna, with its web of creeks, its rugged ravines, and irregular hills; its smoothly rounded clumps of trees above the well bottoms; its changing atmosphere, irresistibly heavy during the hot noonday solitude, soft and caressing when the flames of the camp fire leaped up around the pot at night; the wild savanna, . . . peopled with strange spirits, whose names none dared to mention above a whisper, but to whose imaginary tales all the wild outlaws listened in silent wonderment, recognizing the magic of this illusory music that inspired them with a fierce intoxicating sense of freedom as the sun rose, and with a creeping feeling of superstitious fear as the darkness closed in upon them, advancing from east to west like a tangible wall; a music that struck strange chords of reminiscence, calling up uncanny visions that made them shudder; sudden flashes of firearms; and in the twilight dead bodies gazing face upward at the sky, as deeply buried in their shroud of loneliness as had they been ten feet below ground. . . . The lurid glow of a smouldering rancho, and beyond the swaying smoke forms of flying horsemen; despairing cries of kidnapped women thrown across the saddle; and in the distance the answering wail of the prairie-wolf. . . Voices of the storm, the angry tyrant of the desert; voices of the flood; voices from above and beyond . . a wonderful choir, singing more of terror and of sadness than of joy, yet always beautiful, solemn, awe-inspiring. . . . .

Then the long, lazy life on the bosom of the great Magdalena River. . . . . .

And suddenly, Baranquilla, clear, white, distinct, in a flood of sunshine. . . . . .

At last the old man remembered. Yet even now that he saw things clearly it was as one sees them in a dream, with a lurking consciousness of their unreality. The years passed swiftly before him, with their endless tale of violence and crime, bloodshed and debauch, when the wild animal passions that doubled his colossal strength and endurance controlled him absolutely, and made of him a fiend in human shape. Sailor or pirate, soldier or outlaw, miner or *gambusino*, Tres Palacios had left a bloody trail behind him. He lived in the towns when the revolutionary party was successful, and betook himself to the hills to await the next *pronunciamento* whenever the government obtained the upper hand. And from these hills he and his men came down to levy toll on the inhabitants of the plain.

Once, without himself knowing why, he had rescued a child from a burning rancho, and as he played with the helpless, passive little bundle, it had occurred to him that this new pet was different from any he had had before. Tres Palacios was absolutely devoid of moral sense. He had hitherto looked upon babies as being no more than human puppies or kittens; but toward this particular one he felt differently, and the new sensation shamed and embarrassed him to such an extent that he was tempted to throw the thing into some hole, and be rid of it. Yet some time during the following night he quietly saddled his horse, and without notifying any of his men, took the nearest road to Santiago, where he alighted before the house of Niña Tolosa.

"Here is something I want you to look after, Niña," he began, in his usual bullying way, and speaking in his gruffest voice. "I've tried it these three days, and I don't like it. Here is some money, and when that's gone I'll bring more. *Adios!*"

And before the old woman had recovered from her astonishment he had made his way outside, and was busy tightening the cincha. At the last moment he walked quickly back into the house, took the baby up in his arms, and smiled at it while he twisted its soft little fingers one by one. After a little while he laid it down carefully, hesitated a minute, and finally bent over to kiss it. Then he remembered that he was not alone, and turned savagely on the old woman, who stood looking at this scene in silent wonderment.

"Niña!" he yelled into her ear, and pointing his finger at her face, "if that thing dies, I'll kill you!"

Six months later Tres Palacios appeared again in Santiago, and had a long interview with the baby and its nurse. He had brought with him a bag of gold from the washings, and seemed much astonished when told that it was not needed, as the first sum of money was still nearly intact. Until the Niña explained to him how little was really required, he was disposed to believe that his pet had not been properly treated, and this he was ready to resent. He was equally astonished to learn that the thing was a girl, and had been baptized Teresa, it having been on that saint's day that the baby had been brought to town. On the whole, however, he was pleased. He deposited his gold with Don Cucho Garcia for safe-keeping, and much to that gentleman's surprise he asked him many questions concerning the education of his girls; also about convents, schools, and such matters generally. At bottom this middle-aged bandit was deeply ashamed of himself and of his feelings; yet in a vague, unexpressed way he felt satisfied with the present course of events; and when some of his former comrades urged him to join them in a raid beyond the border he refused, as much to his own astonishment as to theirs. Of right and wrong his conceptions were strangely incomplete; his philosophy of life was as logical and direct as that of a wild animal, which, wanting, takes whatever may be within its reach. So now he could have given no better reason for refusing to do wrong than lack of appetite.

Money he needed more than ever before, but it must be money that should keep. He was superstitious enough to believe that stolen riches are and must be easily, quickly spent, his own experience being in confirmation of that belief, and he thus determined to abandon the highway for the gulch, and to exchange his pistol for a pan. The Indian washings in the north were supposed to be very rich, but hitherto they had been protected by the animosity of the natives, who killed all intruders. To Tres Palacios this argument was a forcible one, but in favor of the venture rather than against it, and for many years he spent two months out of every three in the lonely *cañadas*, and the third he passed in town with the child.

As Teresa grew older she learned to love the curious, violent, ugly old man who was so gentle and kind to her. He always brought her pretty presents, told her wonderful fairy tales, which were really but slightly altered experiences of his past life, and insisted upon her being spoiled in every possible way. Sometimes he took her out with him on to the savanna, taught her to ride and shoot, and the girl delighted in these flights away from the dull conventionality of town life. Over the camp fire in the evenings she sang to him his own wild songs, and together they made plans for the future. When she was old enough, the little thing said, she meant to marry him, so that they need never be separated. "You are not pretty to look upon, little father; you don't dress as nicely as the fine gentlemen in Santiago; and, *padrecito*, you *are* so black and so wrinkled! But that does not matter to me, for I *know* you are all beautiful and white inside; and then you *are* so strong! I've heard them say, '*That* Tres Palacios, *qué!* it would take the devil and another man to handle him.' Is it true, *padrecito?*"

Often, too, as she lay in his arms, wrapped in some old blanket, the old man would look wistfully at the pretty little creature, and regret that he were so old and unprepossessing. She was a beautiful child indeed, and Tres Palacios vowed that she should be rich and so well educated that the highest place in the land should be hers by right of beauty and of worth. As for himself, though the gold which he had deposited on his return from every trip amounted to a large sum, he could not change his simple habits. He dressed in common cotton clothes, like any *peon*, wore leather sandals, lived on the simplest fare, and indulged himself only in the luxury of cleanliness.

So the years passed uneventfully enough until Teresa was wooed and won by a young gallant from Panamá, who was attracted as much by her fortune as by her beauty and accomplishments. Tres Palacios gave the bride away, and long after the church was empty the old man stood with folded arms in the shadow of a side aisle. He did not know how to pray, for none had taught him the proper words, and he did not understand that his longing was in itself an eloquent appeal. He remained in the deserted church because in his old age he was once more alone, and this was the only spot in town where the sense of his isolation would not be thrust upon him offensively. The old spirit of rebellion had gone out of him; he understood that he was old and poor (for he had given his all to Teresita), and that the young people would have no need for him. What he had learned in his youth of the cynical ways of the world came back to his memory now. The girl had loved him; she might even continue to love him in a mild, retrospective sort of way, but neither she nor her husband would want an uncouth old negro like himself loitering about the door of their fine house in town. Shame at his rags would of itself suffice to kill any lingering affection in Teresa's heart, while her husband would not hesitate to have him driven away, unless, of course, he were well paid for his indulgence. Women are submissive creatures in these eccentric Spanish colonies, and Teresa would not dare to contradict her husband, so he must contrive to raise enough money to pay for the privilege of visiting his daughter. Why had he not thought of this before? The washings were nearly worked out now, and it was no easy matter to earn a thousand dollars in these days.

And so throughout the night, which had come on unnoticed by him, the old outlaw, unconsciously penitent, worked over the problem which he had asked the recording angel to put down against his name. Before sunrise he was on his way to the mountains, and, as he had rightly surmised, the happy couple wondered for a brief moment why he had not come to bid them God-speed, and forgot him again in the more important details of the departure.

A few months later the old man had visited them in their fine house in Panamá, and forever after the recollection of this visit comforted him in times of loneliness. He had taken with him a few little bags of gold dust, in case they should be needed; but Teresa had welcomed him with open arms, and even her husband had seemed so glad to see him, that Tres Palacios determined to put the money away against another visit. At the last moment, however, his heart had melted; he longed to offer some present to his little girl, and with foolish generosity he had given her one bag after another, until his whole store was exhausted.

The white horse neighed, and Tres Palacios awoke from his dream. The shadows had shifted well to the eastward, and the slanting shafts of light that pierced the foliage showed that the afternoon was half spent. As he saddled the horse and packed his belongings together, the old man completed the story of his recollections; but he moved more slowly now, and the feverish excitement which marked his behavior a few hours before had entirely disappeared. As he proceeded with his work he talked aloud to himself, and there was deep sadness in his voice as he addressed himself with a sort of self-deprecating humility: "Tres Palacios, you old negro! you are old, you are ugly, you are weak, you are poor! Tres Palacios, who was your father? Have you a father? Eh? Where is he? What is his name, eh? Tres Palacios, who was your mother? You have no mother. If they were to meet, would they know each other? Yes or no? Answer me, you old negro! No, *no*, NO! He would curse her . . and she would laugh at him. And you, Tres Palacios, you, their son, would they recognize you? Yah! They would hate you, both of them. You are a living proof of their transgression. . . . Away with you! The river from the east and the river from the west came together, and where they met they caused a quicksand. What is a quicksand, Tres Palacios? What but a cause of trouble and sorrow and misfortune? Does a boat land on a quicksand? Does a man stand on a quicksand? Not even grass grows there; it is a tomb—greedy, hollow, never satisfied. Even the cross of God will sink and disappear, leaving no trace. . . It is right that all should curse you. . . What did she say to you—Teresa, the little one—in her sweet voice, full of tears and pity? What did she say to you? She said: 'Little father, though I love you, you must go away; little father, you are old, you are poor, you dress in rags . . and he does not like you. He says you may not come. . . I would love you, but I may not. I would see you . . . but I may not. I would ask you to live with us, but I may not. "Where is the gold?" he asks. It is not one thousand, it is not two thousand, it is five thousand he wants. *Then* the old negro may come and stay.' Five thousand . . . ha! ha! I have *ten*, my Teresa, my little dove, and I am coming to stay with my little Teresa. I shall see her every day. I shall stand in the doorway, and as she goes out she will say, '*Adios, Padrecito!*' I shall watch her, my Teresita, as she drives away, and laugh, and say to myself, 'That is my Teresa'; and when she comes home she will see me, and call out, 'Good-night, little father.' And the old negro will be happy. Why did I not kill him when he spoke thus, the cur, the mountain tiger, pretty to look upon, cruel, hard, greedy? . . . Why did I not drive my knife into him when he laughed at me and I was humiliated? Is he not her husband? That is it; that is why. Now I will *buy* him; I will be master in his house for a little while—as long as the gold lasts; and then, . . . then, Tres Palacios, when the time comes, there will be room for your old carcass up in the *cañadas*, where you found the gold. By the deep black basin of the *charco del limon* you can lie down and say, 'The time has come.' During the rains you will be washed away, a bone here, and a bone there, after the fashion of the gold; and that will be the end."

It was dark when he reached the landing; the moon was rising, and hung, like a vast yellow ellipse, low in the jungle about the river's mouth, spotting the surface of the water with spangles of light, over which they sailed in comparative silence. But a little later the bright disk cleared the bush, and poured a flood of silver over the schooner's deck; the men began to sing dull, colorless, melancholy songs, to which the long, wailing cries from the ranchos on the marshland served as a characteristic refrain. Then the wind freshened, and, as the invigorating salt breeze filled their lungs, the sailors burst into the wild war chant of San Salvador:

"Ten—ten—tententen—ten!
Ten—ten—tenten—ten—ten!
Marchémos, marchémos, con mucho valor;
Marchémos, en guerra, por San Salvador!
Ay, AY, AY, AY! la suerte ha cambiado.
Ayer era fraile, hoy soy soldado!"

Tres Palacios alone sat silent. Even when they started up his own well-known guerilla song,

"Casca, el padre de Cascarilla,
Nació, se casó, y murió en la silla!"

he contented himself with mechanically beating time on the deck planks. Seated on his valise, the only thing he had brought with him, he gazed ahead over the bowsprit, looking for the twin towers of old Panamá, which he should see long before they swung round to the north in the harbor of the modern port. Rumors of trouble and actual fighting in the town of Panamá itself had reached Santiago, but to the old outlaw such news seemed natural enough; nor did he begin to understand how they could affect him directly, until the morning of the second day, when a boat put out to meet and warn the captain against landing any passengers.

Tres Palacios thought otherwise; the boat that had brought the news could certainly take him back. So, while the schooner tacked and bore off toward the mouth of the Rio Grande, he was rowed toward the town.

The tide was out, and he landed on the shelf of rocks in front of the fort, where the sailors left him. A few minutes later he had climbed the weathered wall and stood inside the lines, not half a mile from Teresita's house. At this early hour there were usually scores of business men taking their morning walk, but to-day the broad boulevard was silent and deserted. With his bag over his shoulder, Tres Palacios lounged along leisurely, watching out of the corners of his eyes, and more alarmed at the unusual silence than had there been active fighting in the streets. His progress was arrested by a barricade built across the road in front of one of the barracks. Under its shelter fifty or sixty men lay, half asleep, beside their arms. Beyond, the windows of the *Cuartel* seemed deserted; not a musket was seen, nor even the gay color note of a uniform. He crept up to the top of the wall and cautiously looked across; but just as his head emerged from behind the stones a couple of shots fell, he felt a pull at his hair, and a moment later a drop of blood trickled over his forehead, and remained hanging on his heavy eyebrows.

"I wonder on which side I am fighting?" the old man said to himself as he dodged behind the wall. "At any rate, if the fellows can shoot as straight as this, matters cannot yet be very serious." But before he could obtain any information a heavy report rang out beyond; a paving stone shot downward from the coping, and ricochetting, struck him sufficiently hard to knock him off his feet. In a second the old guerillero's blood was up, and he had taken command, for the others soon recognized his superiority and accepted him as their leader. Three times within an hour the barricade was attacked, and three times the old man drove the assailants back, still ignorant of the party for which he was fighting and of the meaning of the flag which had been thrust into his hands. But little, indeed, did he care for the cause of the fight; he was in it, and now, right or wrong, it was too late to draw back.

But the fourth attack was successful. A small field gun had been wheeled into position, and the loosely built barricade rapidly melted before its blows. The bugle sounded a charge, and a few minutes later the defenders were swept back and the street cleared. Tres Palacios was but slightly wounded; but he knew that the fight was over, and that the best thing to do was to lie quiet and wait for a favorable opportunity of escape. Long before the soldiers had reached the wall he had dropped on his face near one side of the street, and lay perfectly motionless, covering his valise with his body, and to all appearances a corpse. They trampled him under foot as they passed, but the old man's limbs merely rolled aside a little, limp and heavy as those of a dead man, and no one paid any further attention to him. Unfortunately the soldiers, finding no enemy to pursue, returned before Tres Palacios had had time to rise, and one of these, a mere child, drunk with his first bloodshed, and boasting of the number of men he had killed, stumbled over the prostrate body, and fell headlong on to the pavement. He picked himself up with an oath, and turning savagely, drove his bayonet with all his strength through the old man's back. But the half-spoken curses died on his lips, for the ghastly crunching of the steel through the resisting bones sickened him, and without waiting to look at the effect of his blow, he dropped the musket and ran away, holding his hands before his face.

It was evening when the old man opened his eyes. Save for a dull, heavy burning somewhere in his body—he could not exactly say where—he felt numb and cold. His mouth was full of blood, and when he breathed it seemed as though some one were fanning red coals in his breast; streams of fire broke away slowly from the central wound and trickled outward to the very tips of his fingers before they passed away, only to be followed by others. He endeavored to remember what had happened, but his agony was so great that he gave a gurgling cry and swooned again.

A few hours later he awoke a second time, suddenly, as from a deep sleep; his mind seemed perfectly clear, and the events of the last twenty-four hours passed rapidly before him, not as they really were, but as he would have had them to be. Below his left arm he felt the hard ridges of the valise that contained the price, or the ransom, of his happiness. Teresa's house was only a few yards away, and now, at last, he should see her. Only a few minutes more to wait! He pictured to himself how he should knock at the great door and ask to see Teresa's maid; how he should send word to her. Should he merely say, "Tres Palacios has come," or should he send up the gold first? No, he could not leave the gold. Some one might steal it, and he shuddered at the thought of what that would mean to him. No, he must take it up himself. Only a few minutes more now; why should he hurry? The mere thought of the great happiness to come made him so happy now that he hesitated to move, and he waited until a bell rang out the hour somewhere in the town.

"Now!" he said, and made an effort to rise; but the paralyzed muscles refused to obey, and with the suddenness of a stroke of lightning the poor old dreamer understood.

This was the end, then—to die miserably in the street alone, like a poisoned cur, a few yards only from his little Teresa, and happiness just beyond his grasp! The gold—*her* gold—what would become of that? Up in the lonely gulches his heart had leaped with joy as he had gathered his treasure grain by grain; he remembered how at one time he would have sold an ounce of his blood for an ounce of the yellow metal, and now that the yellow gold was turned to red, he would have given the whole treasure for a little of the life-blood that stained it.

He groaned aloud. "God, God, it is not right!" and sobbed with wild, impotent rage. "Die! No! he should not, he could not die thus!" With a superhuman effort he raised himself a little from the ground and crawled forward a few inches, gulping down the blood that filled his mouth, and choking the hysterical cries of pain that burst from him in his agony. Hour after hour, with fierce determination, he wrestled with death; and inch by inch he dragged himself nearer to the iron-bound door that to him was the gate of heaven. But as the night waned his struggles became weaker, his swoons became more frequent and lasted longer, and the fever that enabled him to concentrate the remains of his colossal strength burned lower and lower. He alternately hoped he knew not what, and despaired again as his consciousness ebbed away. His mind wandered, and he forgot his surroundings. In a vague, indistinct way he remembered the old days in Santiago, but these blurred pictures were disconnected and meaningless beside the one intense purpose of these last moments.

Through the long hours of the soft tropical night he struggled fiercely, desperately; groaning, gasping, biting the paving stones in his agony, and repeating, in a thick, choked voice, that no longer sounded like anything human, "Teresa, my little one! Teresa, my little daughter!" while, unconscious of his suffering, the girl slept quietly in the great house over the way.

From above, the moon and the stars watched him unmoved, and passed on their way, and the soft blue night light gradually turned to gray. The streets were silent and deserted. In the morning twilight the heavy dews rose slowly from the ground and hung in shreds of mist between the houses, swinging to and fro in the faint sea-breeze, and imperceptibly drifting toward the interior. On the wet pavement, before the door that glistened as if covered with a thin layer of snow, the cramped body of the old negro lay across the narrow street, at the end of an irregular brown line that ran like a loose ribbon toward the débris of the barricade. From the soldiers' quarters the hoarsely shrill tones of the bugle sounded the reveille; a gun boomed in the distance, announcing that it was day once more, and with a sudden spasmodic jerk Tres Palacios raised himself on his side. For a moment he glared around with eyes that could no longer see, and appeared to listen. A few drops of blood trickled down from the corners of his mouth, and under the ghastly smile of his purple lips his teeth glistened, horribly white.

"Te... Teres...!" but the cry died in a gurgle; his head fell forward, and slowly he sank down to the ground. It was the end. And once more the street was silent.

An hour later the door opened, and a young man, stepping out, looked up and down the street. He shuddered slightly as he noticed the corpse, and wondering why it should be lying there, he raised the head with his foot and recognized Tres Palacios. At the other end of the bloody streak that marked the track of his struggle during the night lay a black square valise, and the young man ran toward it. By its weight he guessed the contents, and raising it to his shoulder he ran quickly back to the house, pausing only to kick the passive corpse before his door.

"I was in luck at the club last night," he said to his wife later, as he brought her some of the gold; "and this is for the bracelet I promised you so long ago."

Meantime the American sailors had taken possession of Panamá and cleared the streets. And thus this black Lear of the savanna, poor, unknown, yet loyal to the end, was buried by strangers in the common insurgents' grave. There were none to mourn his death. As the time passed and he never came, Teresa sometimes wondered what had become of Tres Palacios. But who should know what happened in the lonely gorges where the old man hunted for gold?

THE FRANCIS MEDAL AWARDED BY CONGRESS.

JOSEPH FRANCIS.

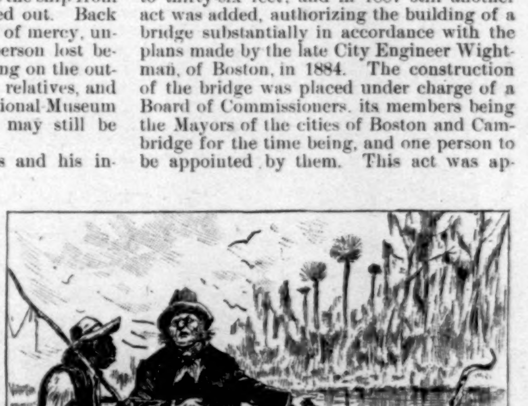
If the world crowns with fame and fortune those who invent the destroying appliances of the battle-field, what honors should it not award to those whose ingenuity is consecrated to saving the lives of their fellowmen? Such a benefactor is the venerable Joseph Francis, to whom, in his ninetieth year, President Harrison, on the 12th of April, presented a gold medal, provided by Congress, in recognition of his memorable inventions—prominent among which are the metallic life-boat and life-car.

The career of Mr. Francis is full of interest; its dates seem to belong to by-gone generations. Born in Boston on March 12, 1801, at the age of eleven he fitted up a boat with cork, making it unsinkable. In a letter dated March 26, 1890, written in a clear and firm hand, he alludes to this specimen of his boyhood's ingenuity, saying that "the first public notice and description of my inventions were published in Harper's Magazine, July, 1851, written by Jacob Abbott, thirty-nine years after my first invention in 1812." From 1812 to 1816 he was employed as a page in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1819, being then only eighteen years old, he received at the Fair of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Institute a premium for a fast row-boat. He had now made the building of boats his business, especially giving his attention to constructing life-boats. Having established himself in New York, he was called upon to build life-boats for two of our war vessels at the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and exhibitions and public trials in New York and Philadelphia of boats which could not be upset brought them wide celebrity. Presently he added to his inventions that of a portable boat, which could be taken apart, and also new and ingenious methods of construction. From the use of wood as his material he passed to iron, then a novelty for that purpose, and between 1838 and 1842 invented a most valuable system of corrugating sheet metal, which he applied first to his famous life-car, with which to land people from wrecks. By 1845 he had perfected his metallic surf-boat. About three years afterward, having meanwhile vainly sought to induce the government to adopt his life-cars, he placed one of them on the New Jersey coast at his own expense. In January, 1850, during a terrible storm, the British ship *Ayrshire* was wrecked on Squan Beach. She had 201 souls on board. When other devices for reaching her had failed, a line was thrown across the ship from a mortar and the life-car pulled out. Back and forth it went on its errand of mercy, until all were rescued, the only person lost being a man who persisted in going on the outside of the car containing his relatives, and so was washed off. At the National Museum in Washington this life-car may still be seen.

From that day Mr. Francis and his invention became famous, and he was overrun with orders for corrugated metallic life-cars and boats from various nations. And it was not alone in these that his ingenuity found scope. He extended his remarkable system of corrugating sheet metal to various kinds of vessels, and to buoys, floating docks, pontoon wagons, and so on. He furnished appliances alike to our troops on the Western plains and to the Russian on the steppes of Asia. His busy brain also produced the double joint rowlock, the circular yacht, an improvement of the hydraulic press, and, in short, twenty-five patented inventions.

On visiting Europe he was received with distinguished honors. Russia made him a Knight of St. Stanislaus; Napoleon III., after witnessing an exhibition of his car on the Seine, gave him a valuable gold snuff-box studded with diamonds; medals and diplomas came to him from various European societies. Now, at last, a medal from his own country has followed, upon memorials from the American Institute and the New York Chamber of Commerce. Its inscription records that an Act of Congress, dated August 27, 1888, gives the token to Mr. Francis as the "inventor and framer of the means for the Life-saving Service of the country." The same face contains a finely engraved likeness of the recipient. On the other side is engraved a vessel in distress, with the life-car ready to rescue her. The medal is of pure gold, struck at the mint in Philadelphia, and is four inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick, exceeding three pounds in troy-weight, the metal having $760 intrinsic value, and the workmanship bringing the cost certainly to over $3000, while some estimates of other items carry the total cost to between $5000 and $6000. At any rate it is the most expensive medal ever struck by the government.

Only a portion is told of the life of Mr. Francis in the record of his mechanical devices. His prolonged span of years has been full of beneficence, and his knowledge and skill have freely helped other inventors to success. Well did Congress thank him for his "life-long services to humanity and to his country," and happy must be his reflection at this close of his career that as his inventions have already saved thousands of lives, so they will continue to do in generations to come. His works will live after him.



APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

"See here, my boy, what do you use to kill alligators with down here? I've fired ten shots at that chap, and he won't budge."

"'Tain't likes as he will, sah! 'Twould keep yer shootin fo' de nex' ten yeah ter make a 'pression on dat ole cypress stump, sah."

THE HARVARD BRIDGE.

On September 15, 1887, the work of building the Harvard Bridge across the Charles River at Boston was begun, and the structure was completed during the past winter. For a long time the necessity of a bridge between the Back Bay section of Boston and Cambridge had been frequently urged, and with the increase in the resident population of the fashionable Back Bay quarter and the inception of great street and park improvements in that locality, the need of such a structure continually became more apparent. In 1882 the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act authorizing the cities of Boston and Cambridge to build a bridge, provided with a draw, across the Charles River from the foot of West Chester Park, on the Boston side, to the junction of the harbor line with Front Street extended, in Cambridge.

In 1885 another act was passed reducing the width of the draw from thirty-eight feet to thirty-six feet; and in 1887 still another act was added, authorizing the building of a bridge substantially in accordance with the plans made by the late City Engineer Wightman, of Boston, in 1884. The construction of the bridge was placed under charge of a Board of Commissioners, its members being the Mayors of the cities of Boston and Cambridge for the time being, and one person to be appointed by them. This act was ap-

proved by Governor Ames, May 18, 1887, and on May 20th of that year Mayor Hugh O'Brien, of Boston, and Mayor William E. Russell, of Cambridge, appointed as third Commissioner Leander Greeley, of Cambridge, who continued to serve in that capacity through the different municipal administrations until the bridge was completed. The City Engineer of Boston, William Jackson, was elected engineer of the bridge, and John E. Cheney assistant engineer. Various names for the structure were discussed. It was suggested that it be called Blaxton (an antique Boston form of spelling "Blackstone"), Longfellow, Chester, and Shawmut Bridge; but the Commission, taking into consideration that the bridge would open a direct avenue to Harvard College, at last concluded to name it Harvard Bridge, in honor of Rev. John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College.

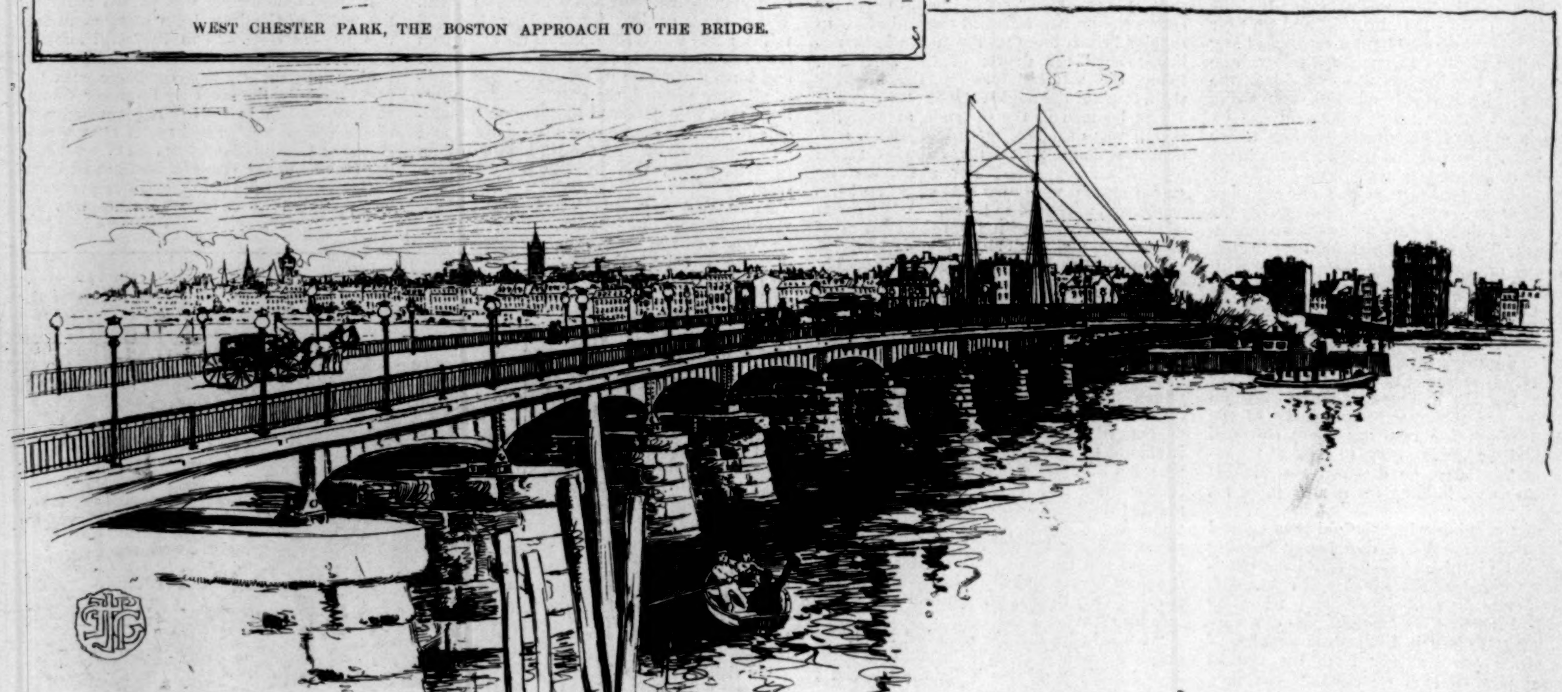
The bridge is 2160 feet in length and 70 feet in width. There are two sidewalks, each 9 feet 6 inches wide, leaving 51 feet of width for the roadway. By the terms of the legislative act the Boards of Aldermen of Boston and Cambridge are empowered to authorize the running of street cars over the bridge, and to set apart a portion of the structure for their use, and the West End Street Railway has obtained the privilege of placing and maintaining two tracks upon the bridge.

The number of spans in the bridge is twenty-four, twenty-three spans being fixed, and one being a draw span. The fixed spans are supported on masonry piers and abutments, and the draw span is carried by a foundation of oak piles. The bed of the river at the bridge is generally composed of clay, overlaid with a considerable depth of mud or other soft material, and the piers, with three exceptions, were built upon piles driven to a firm bearing in the clay. After the piles were driven they were cut off two feet below mean low-water, and a sheathing of plank driven about them to hold the cement concrete with which the spaces between piles were filled for a depth of from two feet to eight feet below the tops of them. Two feet of this concrete was put in above the tops of the piles, and the masonry commenced from that point.

The fixed spans each have four main supporting girders of iron, of the plate girder type, and iron floor beams and brackets for supporting the projecting sidewalks. At the middle depths of the main girders limited advantage was taken of the cantilever system for increasing the lengths of the alternate spans of the bridge, and thereby reducing the number of piers. The lengths of the spans are generally 75 feet and 105 feet alternately, 75 feet of the larger span being supported by 15 feet cantilever extending from the shorter spans. The draw and six spans on each side of it are 19½ feet above mean high-water, leaving clear space to a height of 12½ feet beneath them, which will give ample room for the passage of boats. On the Boston side the bridge is reached by a gradual ascent from Beacon Street, and it will be reached from the Cambridge side by an extension, at present uncompleted, of Front Street. On the Boston side this bridge is a continuation of West Chester Park, and it affords a direct driveway from Beacon Street into Cambridge. Harvard Bridge is a well-built and substantial piece of work, and it forms a necessary and additional connecting link between the two cities separated by the Charles River.

JOSEPH FRANCIS.—From a Photograph by Bogardus.—[See Page 331.]

WEST CHESTER PARK, THE BOSTON APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE.



VIEW LOOKING FROM CAMBRIDGE TOWARD BOSTON.

THE HARVARD BRIDGE BETWEEN BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE.—Drawn by Edmund H. Garrett.

CHEAP CLOTHING—THE SLAVES OF THE "SWEATERS."—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 335.]

THE STANLEY-EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

(*Continued from page 320, Supplement.*)

about 4 P.M., and occupied it, building a seriba as fast as billhooks could cut brushwood. The war-cries were terrible from hill to hill. They were sent pealing across the intervening valleys. The people gathered by hundreds from every point. War horns and drums announced that a struggle was about to take place. Such natives as were too bold we checked with but little effort, and a slight skirmish ended in our capturing a cow, the first beef tasted since we left the ocean. The night passed peacefully, both sides preparing for the morrow.

"Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley 250 yards wide; on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valleys broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend. The broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of forty men was sent under Lieutenant Stairs to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east. A choice body of sharp-shooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village, and took it. The sharp-shooters did their work effectually, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope, until it became a general flight. Meantime Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P.M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us."

The next morning they resumed their march, but were attacked four times, but they easily got rid of their assailants, and after camping at noon, they marched on again at one. Mr. Stanley's account of the first view of the Albert Lake must be given in his own words:

"I cried out, 'Prepare yourselves for a sight of the Nyanza.' The men murmured and doubted, and said: 'Why does the master continually talk to us in this way? Nyanza, indeed. Is not this a plain, and can we not see mountains at least four days' march ahead of us?' At 1.30 P.M. the Albert Nyanza was below them, and now it was my turn to jeer and scoff at the doubters; but as I was about to ask them what they saw, so many came to kiss my hands and beg my pardon that I could not say a word. That was my reward.... Kavalli, the objective point of the expedition, was six miles from us as the crow flies. We were at an altitude 5200 feet above the sea. The Albert Nyanza was over 2900 feet below us."

The next day the lake was reached. The natives appear to have been fairly friendly, but they could give no news of Emin Pasha. This is remarkably strange, as we know he surveyed the south end of the lake, and discovered and surveyed the Semiliki River as far as Haingurko. Indeed, his paper describing this exploration was sent home in October, 1886. Mr. Stanley writes:

"My boat was at Kilonga-Longa's, 1190 miles distant; there was no canoe obtainable, and to seize a canoe without the excuse of a quarrel my conscience would not permit. There was no tree anywhere of a size to make canoes. Wadelai was a terrible distance off for an expedition so reduced as ours. We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me except that of returning to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilonga-Longa's for our boat."

And this is what was done. On January 7th Ibwiri was reached, a fort built, and the boat was sent for, and arrived with Dr. Parke and Captain Nelson, and then Mr. Stanley was attacked by gastritis and an abscess on the arm, which required a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke before he recovered. The expedition had no difficulty in returning to the Nyanza. Food was supplied them in abundance, and they soon received a letter from Emin, who had visited Kavalli during Stanley's absence. The natives were full of stories about "big ships as large as islands filled with men." On arriving at the lake, Stanley's boat was launched, and Mr. Jephson sent to Mswa, Emin's most southern station. On the 29th, in the evening, the steamer *Khedive* arrived at Stanley's camp with Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and Mr. Jephson on board. At length, then, Stanley and his devoted band were rewarded for their intolerable hardships. They had at last found Emin Pasha, and brought him news from the civilized world. They had, at any rate, now reached the goal of their endeavors.

STANLEY'S REST.

For about three weeks, until May 25th, Stanley and Emin camped together upon the shores of the Albert Lake, and Mr. Stanley had a short but well-earned rest. The one thing which marred his satisfaction was that he had had no news of his rear-guard. He and Emin discussed the future, and Mr. Stanley found that Emin was still anxious to retain his post, and to have a route opened to the east coast. There was apparently a good deal of difference of opinion as to the best course to pursue, but Emin appears to have thought that were he provided with sufficient ammunition, he would still be able to maintain his province. Mr. Stanley writes:

"Nor did any one impress us with his eagerness to return to civilization. They all seemed content to remain in the land; they praised it highly for its fertility and agreeable climate. They loved the natives, and were tireless in praises of everything connected with life in that region."

With regard to these points, however, the information published up to the present is vague and insufficient. It may therefore be best to omit further reference to it. It was finally arranged that Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson should visit the various stations in the province (for it must be remembered that neither Mr. Stanley himself nor his expedition entered the province at all), and tell the people of the chance they had of returning to Egypt under Mr. Stanley's escort, and that all those who wished to go should be brought to the south end of the Albert Lake. After this Emin was to march to Fort Bodo, and bring the stores which Stanley intended to leave there back to the lake, and everything was to be prepared for decision one way or the other on Stanley's return from his search for the rear-guard. It will, perhaps, be best to follow Mr. Stanley on his journey, leaving Emin, Jephson, and a few Soudanese soldiers to steam to the north.

STANLEY'S RETURN TO YAMBUYA.

Early in June the advance column returned to Fort Bodo to proceed to the relief of Major Bartelott, or to ascertain the fate of the rear-guard, for, as Mr. Stanley writes, "so anxious had we all become — whites and blacks—respecting the fate of the rear column that throughout each day many an eye was directed to the road leading toward Yambuya, and many an ear was strained to catch the expected signal shots. The people dreamed that the column was approaching, and that they saw the major at the head of quite an army of carriers, and that Mr. Jamieson and his friends were also with them, robust and happy. But as the days passed, and no news was heard of the volunteer couriers that had left Fort Bodo on March 6th, we became alarmed. On June 16th, having prepared abundant food to cross the dreadful wilderness, which had wellnigh proved fatal to us on our first journey toward the lake, we departed from Fort Bodo on our search for the rear column, leaving Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, and Surgeon Parke behind, with a garrison of fifty-nine rifles. Twenty-eight days' march from Fort Bodo brought us once more to Urragowwa's station, but it was now abandoned. The slave-trader and his hundreds of desperadoes had commenced the return home with 600 tusks of ivory, which had been collected after immense loss of life and native property. People have not the slightest idea what the present fashion of ivory-collecting, as adopted by the Arabs and Zanzibari half-castes west of the lake regions, means. Slave-trading becomes innocence when compared with ivory-raiding. The latter has become literally a most bloody business. Bands consisting of from 300 to 600 Manuyema, armed with Enfield carbines, and officered by Zanzibari Arabs and Suaheli, range over that immense forest-land east of the upper Congo, destroying every district they discover, and driving such natives as escape the sudden fusillades into the deepest recesses of the forest.

"In the midst of a vast circle described by several days' march in every direction, the ivory-raiders select a locality wherein plantations are abundant, prepare a few acres for rice, and while the crop is growing, sally out by twenties or forties to destroy every village within the circle, and to hunt up the miserable natives who have escaped their first secret and sudden onslaughts. They are aware that the forest, though it furnishes recesses of bush impervious to discovery, is a hungry wilderness outside the plantain grove of the clearing, and that to sustain life the women must forage far and near for berries, wild fruit, and fungi. These scattered bands of ivory-hunters find these women and children an easy prey. The startling explosion of heavily loaded guns in the deep woods paralyzes the timid creatures, and before they recover from their deadly fright they are rushed upon and secured.

"By the possession of these captives they impose upon the tribal communities the necessity of surrendering every article of value, ivory or goats, to gain the liberty of their relatives. Thus the land becomes thoroughly denuded of ivory, but, unfortunately, also it becomes a wild waste. The 600 ivory tusks that Urragowwa was bearing now to the coast had been acquired by just such bloody work, relentless destruction of human life, and condemnation of the unhappy survivors of the tribal communities to indescribable miseries. What Urragowwa had done within his elected circle, Kilonga-Longa had performed with no less skill, but certainly with a far greater disregard to the interests of humanity, within his reserve; and the same cruel, murderous policy was being pursued within dozens of other circles into which the region as far south as Urgga, north to the Welle, east to longitude 39° 30′, and west to the Congo was parcelled out."

Through all this devastated land, through the gloomy forest, Stanley made rapid progress, discovering the remnants of the rear column on August 17th. "We witnessed," says Mr. Stanley, "in that crowded pestful village wherein the unfortunate remnant of the rear column was housed enough of the miseries that they had endured. The small-pox was raging; there were six bodies uninterred in the village; the reek of the crowded village was overpowering; dozens of disfigured men passed constantly before our eyes; and if any member of the rear column presented himself to us for recognition, we saw only a living skeleton, a creature stricken with anæmia, or a poor man whose pitiful state of mind and body was most awfully expressed by hollow cheeks, woe-begone face, and eyes brimful of grief or anxiety." Such a discovery as this would have been a crushing blow to almost any man, and every one must heartily sympathize with Stanley on the terrible shock he must have sustained. But his indomitable will bore up against this new strain. He reorganized the remnants of the expedition, and then marched once more for the Albert Lake.

On the whole, the march was rapidly accomplished, but on more than one occasion death from famine stared the whole expedition in the face. At one camp twenty-one persons altogether died from lack of food; and Stanley says that in the whole of his experience it was the nearest approach to absolute starvation he had met with. To show the sufferings endured one need only relate that for several days they existed on broth made of a pot of butter, abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk, and a cupful of flour, this being the total nutriment for 130 people.

On arriving again at Fort Bodo, to Stanley's utmost surprise, he found it still occupied by the garrison he had left in it. No news had been received from either Emin Pasha or Mr. Jephson, and, filled with direful surmisings, the combined expedition now marched to the Albert Lake, where they were soon put into communication with Mr. Jephson, and learnt of the disasters which had taken place in the Equatorial Province during their unfortunate absence.

THE REVOLT IN THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.

Space, unfortunately, forbids a detailed account of the stirring times and hardships experienced by Emin and Jephson during the past year. It must, however, be briefly summarized. All appears to have gone well until Laboré was reached on August 12th. Jephson had read the Khedive's letter and Stanley's proclamation at each station, but at Laboré the smouldering fires of discontent broke into flame; Emin and Jephson were flatly told that their mission was not believed; they were charged with having forged the Khedive's orders, and with the intention of evacuating the province only to sell its defenders as slaves at Zanzibar. The ignorant, credulous people refused to believe that marching to the south would ever lead them to Egypt. For years they knew that all communication with Egypt had been by way of the Nile; and with their elementary knowledge of geography it was impossible to convince them that any other way existed. Emin and Jephson were imprisoned and removed to Dufli, where they remained in durance vile until the end of November, never knowing whether or not they would be executed before the close of each several day. Their final escape was due to a curious circumstance already referred to, namely, the attack on Lado and Redjaf by the Mahdi's troops from Khartoum. At Redjaf the chief of Emin's enemies were killed, and it was then that his native (negro) soldiers found out that they had been misled by their officers, and insisted upon his reinstalment as Governor.

The Mahdi's troops were grievously repulsed at Dufli, but nevertheless two parties had been formed in the Equatorial Province; the one sided more or less with the Mahdists; the other was inclined to support Emin, on condition, however, that he did not desert them; and, as a matter of fact, it turned out as Emin had so forcibly prognosticated, that few, if any, of his people in reality wished to leave the province. It is only just to say that the revolt was simply due to Egyptian incendiaries working upon the feelings of an ignorant and superstitious people. Matters would have been very different had no thought of retreat to Zanzibar been expressed, but a determination manifested at all odds to maintain the Equatorial Province and to drive back the Mahdists again, as had been done before.

It is all very well to blame these people. Blameworthy they assuredly were, but at the same time considerable allowance must be made for their peculiar characteristics; and it is little to be wondered at that their previous knowledge of the slave-trade and all its horrors rendered them suspicious of a rumored expedition they had never seen, and of a proposed march to Zanzibar, which they knew, at least by repute, as being that place to which thousands of slaves had been transported from countries lying to the south of their own.

In December, 1888, Emin and Jephson, being set at liberty, proceeded to Wadelai, and in February they arrived once more at Mr. Stanley's camp at Kavalli. Stanley was then anxious to march at once for the coast. He was out of patience with people who did not care to be rescued; he was afraid that his expedition might be captured by the Mahdists, and he therefore urged a speedy retreat; but Emin, with sublime patience, urged a little delay, in order to give an opportunity to any who wished to accompany the expedition to the coast to do so. Some of Emin's followers manifested thieving propensities, and the rebels in the north sent letters to others urging them to delay Stanley's march if possible; this being found out, Stanley took prompt action.

He decided to march on the 10th of April, 1889, and march he did, the number of fugitives accompanying being 514. The total number of the expedition at this time was 1500, including some hundreds of porters, who were engaged to carry loads.

THE RETURN TO THE COAST.

The march from the Albert Nyanza to the south end of the Victoria was accomplished with little or no difficulty save one attack by Kabrega's men, who were speedily driven back. The people supplied the expedition with abundance of food; not a bead or a yard of cloth was demanded from them, and in this 400 miles of absolutely new country which was traversed many geographical problems of the greatest importance were solved. The veritable Mountains of the Moon were discovered in Mount Ruwenzori, whose highest peaks were estimated at over 19,000 feet, and from whose slopes some fifty streams feed the Semiliki River, which, after a course of 100 miles from Lake Albert Edward Nyanza, empties itself into Lake Albert. The northern shores of Lake Albert Edward were coasted, and numerous hitherto unknown tribes were met with, a description of which will greatly add to our knowledge of the natives of central Africa. More than this, it was found that the great Victoria Lake extended in an unexpected direction toward the southwest, and Stanley was therefore able to estimate that its superficial area was 4500 square miles greater than he had previously believed.

But in traversing this district the expedition suffered much from sudden changes of climate. Mr. Stanley writes: "Since the commencement of our march homeward from our camp at Kavalli we have undergone remarkable vicissitudes of climate. From the temperate and enjoyable climate of the region west of Lake Albert we descended to the hot-house atmosphere of the Semiliki Valley, at nearly 3000 feet lower level. Night and day were equally oppressively warm and close, and one or two of us suffered greatly in consequence. The movement from the Semiliki Valley to the plains north of Lake Albert brought us to a dry but hot land. The ground was baked hard; the grass was scorched; the sun, but for the everlasting thick haze, would have been intolerable. In addition to which, the water, except that from the Ruwenzori streams, was atrocious, and charged with nitre and organic corruption. The ascent to the eastern plateau was marked by an increase of cold, and many an evil consequence—fevers, colds, catarrhs, dysenteries, and paralysis. Several times we ascended to over 6000 feet above the sea, to be punished with agues, which prostrated black and white by scores. In the early mornings at this altitude hoar-frost was common."

At Msalala the Church Missionary Society's station was reached, and the expedition were the guests of Mr. Mackay for nineteen days. Mackay had been in Africa since 1876, he having been one of the missionaries sent to Uganda on Mr. Stanley's appeal. Stanley speaks very warmly both of his hospitality and of his work, and with justice, for Mackay had been at his post for fourteen years, and had been exceedingly successful in his missionary work. Stanley calls him the modern Livingstone. (A dispatch from Zanzibar, April 15, announces the death of Mr. Mackay from fever.)

After leaving the shores of the Victoria Nyanza the expedition marched through Usukuma and Mpwapwa to Bagamoyo. It was, however, attacked by the Wasukuma, who for five days disputed every mile of its advance through their territory. They gathered in immense numbers, and hundreds attacked either flank of the column; but the breech-loaders restrained them from approaching too near the column, and only one man was lost. Near Simbaruwemi the expedition was met by a small caravan carrying luxuries with them sent off by the New York *Herald*; and soon after they were welcomed once more to civilization by the German troops under command of Major Wissmann. The march from the Albert Lake had not been accomplished without loss.

The death roll of the expedition may be given in Mr. Stanley's own words:

"According to a muster made at Kavalli on April 5, 1889, 570 refugees from the Equatorial Province had placed themselves under our protection for convoy to the sea.... We arrived at Bagamoyo with only 290 souls. The loss *en route* was therefore 280—nearly one-half—during a journey of 1400 miles. Of these 280 missing about 200 have been cared for by various native chiefs through whose territory we passed.

"If the head of a family suffered from a virulent ulcer in a country which furnished no carriers, and he could not possibly travel, there was no option left us but to leave him in some safe place; and as his family and servants preferred to stay with him, we were forced to yield to their entreaty. Probably 80 perished from ulcers, fever, fatigue, and debility; and one old lady, the mother of the Vakeel of the Equatorial Province, from sheer old age; she was nearly eighty years

old. Of the 13 Somalis engaged by Major Bartelott at Aden, only 1 survived the journey; 3 of them were killed by natives while foraging for food; 9 died from fever and debility; of the 60 Soudanese enlisted at Cairo, only 12 returned to the coast, 7 having been already sent home from Yambuya; thus 19 out of 60 leaves a loss of 41, 2 of whom suffered the death penalty for mutiny and murder, and 1 deserted. Of the 620 Zanzibaris, only 225 were returned by us to Zanzibar; 55 were killed in the skirmishes which took place between Yambuya and the Albert Nyanza; 2 suffered capital punishment for selling their rifles and ammunition to our declared enemy; 202 died of starvation, ulcers, dysentery, and exhaustion; the rest deserted."

Of Stanley's European companions, Major Bartelott was murdered, Jamieson died of fever, Ward and Troup returned to Europe *via* the Congo; but Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, and Bonny survived all perils, and reached the east coast in safety with Mr. Stanley. A warm tribute to their devotion is paid to them by Mr. Stanley, which must reward them for their endurance.

He says: "Words fail to express my deep feelings of thankfulness that it was my fortune to be blessed with such noble companionship. Men of higher intelligence and of superior attainments may enter this darkest zone of that darkest Africa traversed by us, and perform more valuable services to science and humanity; but never, while human nature remains as we know it, will there be four gentlemen so matchless for their constancy, devotion to their work, earnest purpose, and unflinching obedience to honor and duty. In brief, in all that belongs to thorough and noble manliness, these four will stand prominent above all I have met, or ever can hope to meet, within the limits of the African continent." Such generous and noble words from such a leader are praise indeed.

The task of delineating this most remarkable feat of modern times is now concluded. We have followed, although of necessity with the utmost brevity (fuller details are given in the Stanley Letters*), the expedition from its inception to its close; the terrible trials and sufferings undergone in its prosecution have been referred to, and the heroism which alone enabled its accomplishment will be appreciated by all readers. The indomitable will, physical endurance, sagacity, and genius of its leader, H. M. Stanley, have been proved time and again before now, but never has he manifested them in a more remarkable manner than in the expedition now brought to a close. A right royal welcome awaits him when he returns home to rest after his toils, and all classes will unite in heartily according it.

It is impossible to estimate the results of the expedition with regard to the future of Africa. Time alone, that great revealer of secrets, will prove whether or no the trials and losses and disastrous events which have throughout beset the expedition have been suffered in vain. It is fervently to be hoped that such heroism will ultimately result in good for Africa and the Africans.

* *The Story of Emin's Rescue as told in Stanley's Letters.* Published by Mr. Stanley's Permission. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route. 8vo, Cloth, 50 Cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SLAVES OF THE "SWEATERS."

The burden of poverty is a heavy one, and the observer need not go to Hester Street, as the artist has done, to find an exemplification of it. Yet the artist has done wisely, for he has found what may be accepted as the embodiment of the extreme pressure of that burden. Poverty, to those who have studied the problem of it, seems to bear the hardest on those who struggle the most vigorously against it. The burden of it is not great upon the tramp or the idler, who relinquishes the struggle, and, lying down, leaves the community to do for him what he should do for himself. He is like the tropical savage, who simply opens his mouth and waits for the cocoa-nut to drop into it. If it drops, well; if not, well, the game is not worth playing. But to the toiler—to him who accepts the responsibility of carrying his portion of the burden of mankind—there comes always a load as heavy as he can well carry.

In the byways of New York there is an army of such. The student of sociology may not linger on the highways. There the prosperous pass. It is in the meaner streets, along the passageways of the "slums," that one may find the man whom civilization treads under foot. More than that, the man's wife and little ones may be found, as the artist has found them, staggering under the overplus of that burden. Into New York, as the gateway of the New World, flows, year by year, a steady and ever-increasing stream—the "surplus humanity" of Europe. Whoever in human form finds the conditions of life too hard in older civilizations turns to America as the land of promise. It is that. Yet, to the infinite dismay and discouragement of the toiler, the promise is one that may only be fulfilled in the third and fourth generation. Coming from the grinding conditions of labor in the Old World into the broad, generous sunrise of promise in the New, the toiler is at once confronted with the drawbacks of an overcrowded community. No doubt if he could "go West," or if he understood the necessity of doing so, he might find circumstances more favorable; but he cannot or does not. He has reached America. He stops where he is, and no man knows or cares about his necessities enough to guide him. He sits down in such a habitation as he may find, and does such work as he may find to do. It is the story of this man, not seen in the picture, which the artist tells in his picture of what may be seen any day in the streets of New York. He is a tailor; not one who accumulates a fortune by dictating fashions to the votaries of fashion, but the man who has learned to fasten together the garments that clothe the common people. Good honest work he is ready to give in return for a living, but in America he looks for a comfortable living, with a possibility of something more. The tools of his trade are few and simple, and he has them. At once he looks for work, and he finds it. He falls into the hands of the "sweater," and thenceforward, if his life is better than it was in Poland or Hungary—and it is—it is solely because of the larger liberty he has, and because of that bow of promise that is ever before him, and that will, so long as he lives, remain in the distance like an actual rainbow. His son, the little fellow who is tottering along, manfully struggling under his share and more of the family's burden, will grow up a happier and better man than the father ever can be, for he has the better start and larger opportunities; and the father and mother, seeing and knowing this, although vaguely, are content. It takes little to content the hopelessly poor.

And hopelessly poor the parents will remain. The squalor and almost incredible toil endured by the slaves of the "sweaters" can only be realized by those who see and study it. The artist has studied one incident of it in the picture, but it is only an incident. While the father is sewing at home, the mother and children are bringing him more work to do. Toilsome as their progress is through the wretched streets of the poorer quarters, the home must be seen before their poverty can be realized. It is a room—perhaps two rooms—in the top floor of a "rear tenement." Five, six, or eight dollars a month go for bare shelter, for rent buys nothing more than shelter in these places; comforts, conveniences, and cleanliness are not looked for. In these rooms are a table, a stove, a few chairs, a sewing-machine, and perhaps a bed. Or, it may be, in lieu of a bed there is a heap of rags in the corner. Besides these things, there is nothing but a few dishes and the family of four.

Week after week, sometimes without even the rest of the weekly Sabbath, and year after year, the toiler struggles on for the enrichment of the "sweater." This creature is not a toiler, not a merchant, not a producer, not even a dealer in anything but human endurance. He is a contractor, and the name "sweater" by which he is commonly called is indicative of the character of his employment and the esteem in which he is commonly held. He is acquainted with some of the large clothing manufacturers, who, under competition, are striving always to lessen the cost of manufacture. They are willing to pay only a trifle for the sewing together of garments, and they contract with the "sweater" for the performance of the work. To him it matters little how small the price of the work is if he can secure enough of it, for he looks out for his own pay first, and pays the workmen whom he employs whatever is left. He serves no purpose whatever in the economy of civilization beyond the mere convenience of the manufacturer, and yet that slender hold is enough for him.

The figures tell the story, or would, if they could be collated accurately and fully. Within a few years a number of the States have established bureaus of labor statistics, and have set their commissioners at work investigating the facts of the daily life of the workers. The field is too large to be covered in a few years, and the reports that are made annually are valuable chiefly as material for the student. The chief criticism to be made so far is that the returns are too scattering. Figures are there, and they are instructive, but they are neither exact enough nor complete enough to be satisfactory. We can learn, however, from Commissioner Peck's report from Albany, that the newly arrived immigrant who goes to work for the "sweater" can make at first about five cents an hour in return for hard work. On this he expects to support his family, and he begins work hopefully. In a little time he finds that he is underpaid, and he begins the struggle, which lasts for the rest of his life, for better wages. He gets them. From the testimony which Mr. Peck has collected we learn that the clothing manufacturer pays as much as a dollar and a half to three dollars for "making," that is, sewing, a dozen pairs of pantaloons, and from fifteen cents to thirty-five cents apiece for making vests. Out of this munificent contract price the "sweater" retains so much that his victim is able to earn about fifty cents for sixteen hours' work. To do this, he has to employ the help of his wife and children. Newspaper reporters who have occasion to visit the homes of the very poor find children from four to six years old—just such infants as the one who toils under the lightest burden in the picture—sitting on the floor, pulling out basting threads. They are earning their quota of the half-dollar a day that comes in for the labor of the entire family. Better wages come with more knowledge, but knowledge comes slowly, and the emancipation of the "slaves of the sweaters" is a very gradual process.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

It was perhaps an auspicious portent, it certainly is an interesting fact, that the first play that was ever acted in America at a regular theatre and by a regular theatrical company was Shakespeare's comedy of *The Merchant of Venice*. Such at least is the record made by William Dunlap, the first historian of the American theatre, who names Williamsburg, Virginia, as the place, and September 5, 1752, as the date of that production. It ought to be noted, however (so difficult is it to settle upon any fact in this uncertain world), that the learned antiquarian Judge Daly, fortified likewise by Ireland, dissents from Dunlap's statement, and declares that Cibber's alteration of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* was acted by a regular company in a large room in Nassau Street, New York, at an earlier date, namely, on March 5, 1750. All the same, it appears to have been Shakespeare's mind that started the dramatic movement in America. The American stage has undergone great changes since that time, but both *The Merchant of Venice* and *Richard the Third* are still acted, and in the *Merchant*, if not in *Richard*, the public interest is still vital. In New York, under Edwin Booth's management (at the Winter Garden Theatre, January 28, 1867, and subsequently at Booth's Theatre), and in London, under Henry Irving's management (at the Lyceum Theatre, November 1, 1879), sumptuous productions of the *Merchant* have brilliantly marked the dramatic chronicle of our times. Discussion of the great character of Shylock steadily proceeds, and seems never to weary either the disputants or the audience. The sentiment, the fancy, and the ingenuity of artists are often expended not only upon the austere and picturesque and terrible figure of the vindictive Jew, but upon the chief related characters in the comedy—upon Bassanio and Portia, Gratiano and Nerissa, Lorenzo and Jessica, the princely and pensive Antonio, the august Duke and his stately senators, and the shrewd and humorous Gobbo. More than one painting has depicted the ardent Lorenzo and his fugitive infidel as they might have looked on that delicious summer night at Belmont when they saw "how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and when the blissful lover, radiant with his own happiness and touched and exalted by the sublime, illimitable, unfathomable spectacle of the star-strewn firmament, murmured to his mistress:

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

It is not to be denied that lovely words are spoken to Jessica, and that almost equally lovely words are spoken by her. Essayists upon the *Merchant* have generally accepted her without a protest—so much do youth and beauty in a woman count in the scale when weighed against duty and integrity. There is no indication that Shylock was ever unjust or unkind to Jessica. Whatever he may have been to others, he seems always to have been good to her; and she was the child of that lost Leah of his youthful devotion whom he passionately loved and whom he mourned to the last. Yet Jessica not only abandoned her father and his religion, but robbed him of his money and his jewels (including the betrothal ring, the turquoise, that her mother had given to him), when she fled with the young Christian who had won her heart. It was a basely cruel act; but probably some of the vilest and cruelest actions that are done in this world are done by persons who are infatuated by the passion of love. Mrs. Jameson, who, in her beautiful essay on Portia, extenuates the conduct of Jessica, would have us believe that Shylock valued his daughter far beneath his wealth, and therefore deserved to be deserted and plundered by her; and she is so illogical as to derive his sentiments on this subject from his delirious outcries of lamentation after he learned of her predatory and ignominious flight. The argument is not a good one. Fine phrases do not make wrong deeds right. It were wiser to take Jessica for the handsome and voluptuous girl that certainly she is, and to leave her rectitude out of the question. Shakespeare in his drawing of her was true to nature, as he always is; but the student who wants to know where Shakespeare's heart was placed when he drew women must look upon creatures very different from Jessica. The women that Shakespeare seems peculiarly to have loved are Imogen, Cordelia, Isabella, Rosalind, and Portia—Rosalind, perhaps, most of all; for although Portia is finer than Rosalind, it is extremely probable that Shakespeare resembled his fellow-men sufficiently to have felt the aspiration which Tom Moore long afterward expressed:

"Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh! be a woman to-night."

When Ellen Terry embodied Portia—in Henry Irving's magnificent revival of *The Merchant of Venice*—the essential womanhood of that character was for the first time in the modern theatre adequately interpreted and conveyed. Upon many play-going observers indeed the wonderful wealth of beauty that is in the part—its winsome grace, its incessant sparkle, its alluring because piquant as well as luscious sweetness, it impetuous ardor, its enchantment of physical equally with emotional condition, its august morality, its perfect candor, and its noble passion—came like a surprise. Did the great actress find these attributes in the part (they asked themselves), or did she infuse them into it? Previous representatives of Portia had placed the emphasis chiefly, if not exclusively, upon morals and mind. The stage Portia of the past has usually been a didactic lady, self-contained, formal, conventional, and oratorical. Ellen Terry came, and Portia was figured exactly as she lives in the pages of Shakespeare, an imperial and yet enchanting woman, dazzling in her beauty, royal in her dignity, as ardent in temperament as she is fine in brain, and various and splendid in personal peculiarities and feminine charm. After seeing that matchless impersonation it seemed strange that Portia should ever have been represented in any other light, and it was furthermore felt that the inferior, mechanical, utilitarian semblance of her could not again be tolerated. Ellen Terry's achievement was a complete vindication of the high view that Shakespearian study has almost always taken of this character, and it finally discredited the old stage notion that Portia is a type of decorum and declamation.

Aside from Hazlitt, who thought that Portia is affected and pedantic, and who did not like her because he did not happen to appreciate her, the best analytical thinkers about Shakespeare's works have taken the high view of this character. Shakespeare himself certainly took it; for aside from her own charming behavior and delightful words it is to be observed that everybody in the play who speaks of her at all speaks her praise. It is only upon the stage that she has been made artificial and prim and preachy. That misrepresentation of her has, perhaps, been caused, in part, by the practice long prevalent in our theatre of cutting and compressing the play so as to make Shylock the chief figure in it. In this way Portia is shorn of much of her splendor and her meaning. The old theatrical records dwell almost exclusively upon Shylock, but say little if anything about Portia. In Shakespeare's own time, no doubt, *The Merchant of Venice* was acted as it is written, the female persons in it being played by boys, or by men who could "speak small." Alexander Cooke (1588–1614) played the light heroines of Shakespeare while the poet was alive. All students of the subject are aware that Burbage was the first Shylock, and that when he played the part he wore a red wig, a red beard, and a long false nose. No record exists as to the first Portia. The men who were acting female characters upon the London stage when that institution was revived immediately after the Restoration were Kynaston, James Nokes, Angel, William Betterton, Mosely, and Floid. Kynaston, it is said, could act a woman so well that when at length women themselves began to appear as actors, it was for some time doubted whether any one of them could equal him. The account of his life, however, does not mention Portia as one of his characters.

Indeed, the play of *The Merchant of Venice*, after it languished out of sight in that decadence of the stage which ensued upon the growth of the Puritan movement in England, did not again come into use until it was revived in Lord Lansdowne's alteration of it produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1701, and even then it was grossly perverted. Forty years later, however, on St. Valentine's Day, 1741, at Drury Lane, when Macklin regenerated the character of Shylock, the original piece was restored to the theatre. Women in the mean time had come upon the stage. The garrulous and delightful Pepys, who had seen Kynaston play a female part, records in his marvellous Diary that he first saw women as actors on January 3, 1661. These were members of Killigrew's company, which preceded that of Davenant by several months, if not by a year; and therefore the common statement in theatrical books that the first woman that ever appeared on the English stage was Mrs. Sanderson, of Davenant's company (at Lincoln's Inn Fields), is erroneous, and indeed the name of the first English actress is as much unknown as the name of the first Portia. When Macklin restored Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* to the stage it is not likely that the character of Portia was dwarfed, for its representative then was Kitty Clive, and that actress was a person of strong will. With Clive the long list begins of the Portias of the stage. She was thirty years old when she played the part with Macklin, and it is probable that she played it with dignity, and certain that she played it with sparkling animation and piquant grace. The German Ulrici, whose descriptive epithets for Portia are "roguish and intellectual," would doubtless have found his ideal of the part fulfilled in Clive. The Nerissa that night was Mrs. Pritchard, then also thirty years old, but not so famous as she afterward became.

The greatest actress on the British stage in the eighteenth century undoubtedly was Margaret Woffington (1719–60). Sarah Siddons, to whom the sceptre passed, was only five years old when Woffington died. Both these brilliant names are associated with Portia. Augustin Daly's *Life of Woffington*